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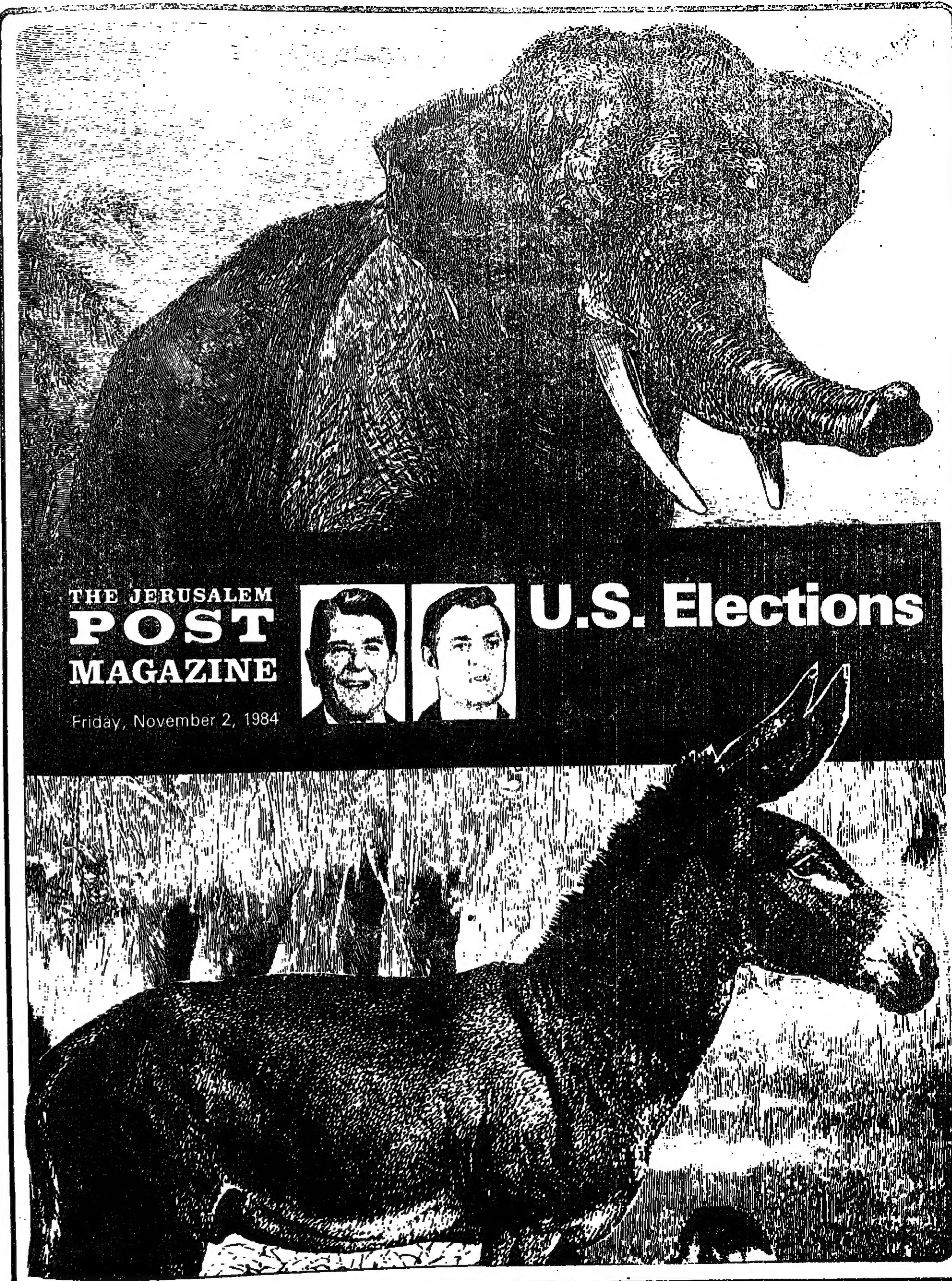
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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE



U.S. Elections

Friday, November 2, 1984



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THE NEWS out of the U.S. on the eve of the presidential elections is that this year it's chic to be Republican. A nationwide poll of high-school pupils found that 60 per cent preferred Ronald Reagan to Walter Mondale for president. College students, too, look up to the septuagenarian president as the symbol of a prosperous, strong America, as do the blue-collar workers.

The pollsters report that the workers have been largely ignoring the pro-Mondale line taken by the official AFL-CIO leadership. There are pundits who claim that the current shift to right of centre is part of a political cycle in America, with the teenagers and the students slaying their own kind of counter-rebellion to the noisy rebelliousness of the generation of the 1960s, who today lament the conservatism of youth in America.

For the Israeli political observer there are interesting parallels between the U.S. elections in 1984 and Israel's Knesset elections in 1981.

Ronald Reagan resembles in many ways our Menachem Begin in his heyday. His charisma, his projection of the image of the father of the nation to a broad segment of the electorate, the feeling that he has "made America stand strong and upright" (as the election slogan goes), the sense of economic well-being informing so many people - all these things remind one of Begin, vintage 1981. The difference, however, is that in Israel the perception of economic well-being was a total delusion, while in the U.S. it is very real.

The Begin parallel certainly encompasses the phenomenon of overwhelming support among the rising generation and the working masses.

There has been another element in the campaign that suggests a parallel. Reagan and the Republicans continue to campaign against the 1976-1980 record of the Carter administration, associating the present Democratic candidate with the scars left on the national psyche by the sorry episode of the hostages in the American Embassy in Teheran. As in the Israeli elections of 1981, the opposition candidate carries the heavy burden of the perceived failings of the previous government. When television commentators remark that Ronald Reagan seems to be above the usual rules of political accountability, that has a familiar ring to an Israeli who lived through the Begin years.

THERE ARE pundits who claim that Mondale and the Democrats misread the national mood, aiming at the generation of the '70s with the fashionable ideas of the '60s - another parallel to our Labour Party's tactics under the initial campaign management influence of Yossi Sarid. The Democrats failed to take into account the wave of patriotism that the Olympic Games started across the land. These pundits also point to the highly significant behaviour of the black athletes who, on securing gold medals at Los Angeles, celebrated by wrapping themselves in the Stars and Stripes. This was in stark contrast to the behaviour at the Mexico City Olympics, when black athletes indulged in "black power" clenched fist demonstrations during the playing of the national anthem.

Another parallel could be discerned in the Democratic response to the charges that Mondale had gone too far to the left of the party of F.D.R. and J.F.K. The aim has been to woo back disaffected Democratic voters who switched to Reagan in 1980 and, despite his highly conservative domestic record, prefer

Conservative chic

As the U.S. election campaign draws to a close, The Post's MARK SEGAL reports from New York on parallels with Israel, the Jackson phenomenon, and an alarming apocalyptic scenario with Israel cast as the sacrificial lamb.



Lurking in the background: Jackson, Falwell

him to Mondale. The Rev. Jesse Jackson has suddenly disappeared from view: his loud anti-Jewish anti-Israel, and pro-Third World rhetoric certainly took front stage earlier this year, during the Democratic primaries. The Republicans have not allowed the Mondale people to get away with that ploy entirely, reminding voters of Jackson's cry of "Viva Cuba, Viva Castro" during a publicity-hunting trip to Havana in the summer.

In Washington a year ago there was a rumour that the Republicans were providing the seed money for the Jackson campaign. That rumour certainly appeals to those favouring the conspiracy view of politics and history, and has so far not been substantiated. However, in retrospect, the Republicans have benefited most from the emergence of Jackson on the scene. Moreover, it is a fact that investigations conducted by the FBI into the financial shenanigans of Jackson's Chicago-based "Push" organizations were inexplicably dropped at the outset of the campaign. Subsequently he was to describe the discrepancy of \$2 million to Lally Weymouth in *New York Magazine* as "sloppy accounting."

AS ONE perceptive black New York politician told me, "For every black voter that the Jackson campaign brought to register, it's clear that two whites went to the trouble of registering."

Indeed, the big test of Jackson's influence will be how many new black voters will turn up at the polls on November 6 due to his appeal. Many prominent black politicians, especially the increasing number of black mayors in the big cities, have distanced themselves from him quietly, if not publicly. The only nationally-known black figure to take issue with Jackson was Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young, who was booed by Jackson supporters at the San Francisco convention.

A major criticism of Mondale, and not only among Jewish voters, has been his lack of moral stature in not disassociating himself sufficiently strongly from Jackson at any stage in the campaign. Even in his last debate with Reagan, Mondale was offered an opportunity to distance himself from Jackson but did not do so. What disturbed many traditional Democratic supporters among the

American Jewish community was the Mondale organization's refusal to allow a resolution condemning anti-Semitism to be adopted by the convention out of deference to the Jackson camp.

It has been convenient from the start to have Jackson become a Jewish problem, rather than part of general black-white relations. In this way the WASP establishment managed to deflect the displeasure of the black masses that the first black contender for the White House should have failed so early in the race.

One intelligent, articulate young black taxi driver loudly regretted that "Jackson failed to get anywhere because he only wanted to be fair on the Middle East issue. He only wanted to let the Arab side be heard." When I observed that "fairness" seemed to be on the side of all those petro-dollars, I was reminded of the new image of Israel as Goliath and the Arabs as David in the perception offered on the Middle East by American Arabists, especially on TV.

JUST AS Israel's Labour Party in the recent elections took its traditional constituency for granted, and lost thereby, so the Democratic Party under Mondale's leadership has ignored the Jewish community, especially on the anti-Semitism resolution issue at the convention.

There is a widespread feeling among them of being taken for granted, and many people I know will unwillingly vote for Mondale or might shift to Reagan for a variety of reasons, and vote Democratic in their local congressional or governorship contest.

Israel may have figured in the first stage of the election campaign - during the Democratic primaries - but that has not been the case in the run-up. Many middle-class Jewish voters, who support Republican fiscal policies, will be more easily able to vote for the Reagan-Bush ticket since the visit to the U.S. of Premier Shimon Peres afforded the Reagan White House a first-class opportunity to demonstrate its support for the new national unity government.

Yet many Jewish voters find themselves in a dilemma, confronted by what is perceived as the choice between the Democrats with Jackson on the left lurking in the background, and the Republicans with fundamentalists like the Rev. Jerry

Falwell on the extreme right. The anxiety over Jackson's role in a Mondale administration is fuelled by the Democratic candidate's refusal to name his likely cabinet in the unlikely eventuality of his winning on November 6.

The swing of the pendulum in American society, from the permissive '60s and '70s to the more conservative '80s, is reflected in the reversion to traditional values of family, motherland and religion, alongside the preoccupations of the "me generation," obsessed with keeping fit and keeping up with the fashions. There is the phenomenon of Khomeinism American-style, which many claim has always been here in varying degrees. Fundamentalism is also big business in America, as anyone who has watched preachers on TV soliciting - after hell-fire sermons - \$35 contributions (tax free) from the viewers out there.

THE LATTER part of the election campaign has featured considerable interest in the "Armageddon now" theory raised by fundamentalists. Basing themselves on the Book of Revelation, the religious right argue that Armageddon is imminent, that America's enemies are God's enemies and therefore a nuclear holocaust should not be discounted.

A group of Christian and Jewish religious leaders this week issued a statement fearing that Reagan would be influenced by those favouring Armageddon theology into not seeking a reconciliation with the Soviet Union.

After all, Reagan, who belongs to a fundamentalist sect but does not attend Sunday church services, did tell AIPAC director Thomas Dine last year: "I turn back to your ancient prophets in the Old Testament and the signs foretelling Armageddon, and I find myself wondering if we're the generation that's going to see that come about." He has since identified the Soviet Union as "satanic."

Falwell, leader of the influential Moral Majority, has tried to quell growing anxieties that Reagan plans to provoke nuclear war, which has certainly been pounced on by the Mondale campaign. Yet in a newspaper interview in 1981, Falwell was quoted as saying: "We believe that Russia, because of her need of oil, is going to move in on the Middle East, and particularly Israel, because of their hatred of the Jew, and that it is at that time when all hell will break out. And it is at that time when I believe there will be some nuclear holocaust on this earth."

I have heard that an alarmingly large group of these fundamentalists in the Mid-and Far-West have been proposing a scenario in recent years according to which Israel would play the role of sacrificial lamb. After the conjectured nuclear war and millions of Israeli casualties, Israel would - they contend - emerge the victor, all the Jews would convert to Christianity, and this would herald the Second Coming.

Within this grand theological design, there have popped up references to a sinister scheme for razing al-Aksa Mosque on the Temple Mount in order to facilitate the building of the Third Temple and advance the return of Jesus the Messiah. This is not such a sci-fi movie scenario, as anyone can see who has followed the trial of the would-be Gush Emunim terrorists and hastened the trial of the would-be deity they intended to serve was entirely different from that of the fundamentalist groups which have been channelling tens of thousands of dollars to certain agents in Jeru-

salem. Where the Christian fundamentalists do meet with the local Jewish supporters of our extreme right, from Ariel Sharon to Rafael Eitan to Meir Kahane, is in the latter group's readiness to fight to the last Israeli.

THE MAINSTREAM of the organized American Jewish community has been exercised by the drift towards the reinstatement of formal religious practices in schools. In countries like England where the Church is established, the Jewish community has managed fairly well to accommodate itself to the established religion. In America, however, things are different.

Last week I heard a dire warning from the president of the American Jewish Congress, Theodore Mann, on what he saw as a growing threat to the constitutional concept of the separation of religion and state. Mann was speaking at the AJC luncheon in New York honouring American Sephardi Federation leader Lilian Shalom, when he forecast "a very tough time in the next few years."

Mann said he did not wish to see again days like those of his childhood when, during prayers in schools, "we were taught that we were guests, albeit very welcome ones, in a Christian country." The AJC leader declared, "This is not a Christian country," and deplored the way "the president confuses Christianity with patriotism."

A less extreme reaction came from Nathan Perlmuter, the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League's national director, whose comment on Mann's statement I sought. From the tenor of his remarks I assumed he thought Mann was being unnecessarily alarmist. Arguing that "there is considerable distance between the advocacy of a silent prayer period in schools and the crumbling of the wall of separation between state and religion in America... Obviously we have to be alert to any threat, but it's a questionable service to protect that wall by suggesting that Torquemada's hordes are about to overrun the U.S.... I personally would find greater credibility in this anguished deplored of clerical involvement in politics, if equal concern were expressed over clerical involvement in the civil rights and nuclear freeze movement... Too often behind the outburst of virtuous indignation I hear the tone of political partisanship," the ADL executive declared tartly.

It was the ADL associate national director, Abraham Foxman, who drew my attention to an article in last week's *Wall Street Journal* by columnist Vermont Royster. It comprised a reprint of something he had written just before the 1980 elections. There too he quoted the dire warnings of left-wing pundits like the *New York Times* Anthony Lewis against the threat of the religious right. Royster further wrote: "Our constitution does prohibit the government from establishing any religion as a state religion. For more than a generation our society has been dominated by the view that 'anything goes,' that all morality is relative and no one should judge another's belief or conduct. A reaction was inevitable..."

Now, if one dares to say that these arguments only underpin the validity of Zionism as the solution to the American Jewish dilemma, one provokes a look of bewilderment, especially among members of the official Zionist establishment here - as if aliya were even more far-fetched than the idea of the coming of the Messiah being hastened by the razing of the mosque on the Temple Mount.

IT'S AN ECONOMY that only immigrants from Argentina can comprehend.

Israel's annual hyper-inflation rate of some 400 per cent seems like something of an improvement to newcomers from that troubled Latin American country, but shocking to former Americans, Russians and Europeans.

If stretching one's salary to the end of the month is almost impossible for the veteran Israeli who owns an apartment and has a steady job, how much more difficult is it for new immigrants to make ends meet?

The government and the Jewish Agency have been negligent in attending to the needs of new immigrants overwhelmed by the need to cope with the enigmatic shekel. Jewish Agency aliyah department chairman Haim Aharon concedes that "we weren't O.K." The Agency let the subsistence grants given to olim during their first six months in the country erode to a shadow of their original real value.

The Absorption Ministry, which funds unemployment allotments to immigrants in the period following the first half year, is also confute. The new minister, Ya'acov Tzur, went so far as to release statistics which show that immigrants are discriminated against when it comes to unemployment compensation.

The minister, who toured a teachers' seminary and other facilities connected with the Student Authority, found that some young immigrants who were supposed to devote themselves to studying education had to go out to work as cleaning women in order to pay for room and board.

NEW OLIM say that their stay in an absorption centre is eating up their savings. A newcomer from Colombia, a senior bookkeeper who arrived a few weeks ago with his wife and children, says that he gets the equivalent of \$110 a month in subsistence payments from the Jewish Agency, but spends over \$250 for basic needs, excluding rent but including food.

A new immigrant and her husband and three children from France who have been here since January are now receiving unemployment allotments totalling \$72 per month from the Absorption Ministry. Their expenses are \$250 a month, and the difference is covered by savings that were meant to buy household goods and a down payment on an apartment.

The main injustice is that veteran Israelis who are unemployed receive benefits equal to 40 per cent of the national average wage, but new immigrants receive monthly grants equivalent to only 16.8 per cent of the average wage.

In actual figures, an unemployed immigrant who had been here more than six months received in September a total of IS36,000 to support himself and his family. In April 1983 he would have received IS6,500, which at that time was actually 24 per cent of the average wage.

An equivalent unemployed non-immigrant would have been receiving IS85,306 from the National Insurance Institute in September, and olim argue that their unemployment compensation should be linked to the same scale.

In today's economic situation, it isn't an olim's fault if he can't find a job immediately. Even if he has acquired at least some basic Hebrew, the government is in the midst of a hiring freeze and private employers are cutting back on staff.

Aharon of the Jewish Agency says it has been agreed with the government that olim who are already in civil service jobs will not be fired



Shekel shock

Learning the economic ropes is just another burden for the already overburdened new immigrant. JUDY SIEGEL reports.

because of staff cuts. Those who are employed thanks to the Absorption Ministry fund that subsidizes wages of newcomers will also not be sacked. However, this is not likely to induce many private employers to hire new immigrants: compensation from the ministry fund has been seriously eroded.

VETERAN Israelis have become inured to each great spurt in the cost-of-living index and have learned to turn their assets into material goods or into dollar-linked currency before the shekels melt in their hands. But new immigrants coming from economies where 1 per cent inflation a month is gigantic have a hard time adjusting. To help them cope, and admittedly to try to get business, commercial banks have begun to give seminars in absorption centres to explain about *Pukim*, *Tupas*, *Putah* and other schemes.

Since only some 16,000 olim have arrived in the past year, compared to nearly 60,000 in the early '70s, ministry and Agency clerks have a little more leisure to deal with the new olim who arrive: an average of only 44 a day.

But they are quickly splashed with cold water when they realize that if they haven't come with a well-equipped lift of household goods and adequate reserves of foreign currency, they will have a hard time finding a permanent place to live and furnishing it.

MOST IMMIGRANTS today are sent by taxi from the airport to one of a few dozen absorption centres or immigrant hostels - the centres for families and the hostels for couples or singles. There are currently nearly 15,000 residents in these temporary facilities, some of them since as far back as 1981.

At most of them, rent is on the house for the first six months, courtesy of the Agency, while you study basic Hebrew at the ulpan. You must pay for food, gas and electricity.

After that period, if you are lucky enough to have a decent-paying job, you have to pay the rent too. Rental of a four-room absorption centre flat is IS32,000, and for a three-room flat, IS24,000. It doesn't sound outrageously high, but for a new immigrant without tenure at work and starting out near the bottom of the wage scale, it is a relatively large sum.

The Mevasseret Zion Absorption Centre, 9 km. west of Jerusalem, is the most popular of all the Agency's facilities. It is more a village than a way-station, having its own kinder-

gartens, synagogue, mini-market and school. A total of 190 flats, most of them in four-family, two-storey pre-fabricated buildings, are surrounded by lawns and trees and internal pathways. If it weren't for the temporary surroundings and worries about the future, it could be paradise.

SINCE MAY, the director of the centre has been Alana Kligman, an articulate young sociologist. Married, with three daughters, she commutes from Shoeva, a nearby moshav.

Her office is constantly abuzz with residents who want to see her personally; they think that if a clerk or a lower official hears their problem, it would not get the same attention as she would give it.

The centre now has on its rolls a total of 754 olim, or 156 families. Some 60 families come from the U.S., 11 from Britain, 30 from France and the rest of Western Europe, 18 from the USSR, 14 from Latin America and about 20 from Rumania and Hungary.

Kligman reports that nine of the families, including two from the U.S. and the rest mostly elderly pensioners from Rumania, have been living at the "temporary" absorption facility since 1981. The Americans and French generally lower the average by leaving soon after their initial six months. Argentinians, Russians and Rumanians raise the average length of stay.

ASIDE FROM finding a job, the most pressing problem is finding a permanent place to live. The government changed its policy a few years ago, and new immigrants no longer line up for government apartments - Amidar flats rented for small sums and available with an option to purchase.

Only destitute olim from countries of oppression or those with no savings are entitled to such an arrangement today. Instead, government mortgages were increased somewhat and olim are now expected to find an apartment on the private market. Mortgage repayments are largely linked to the C-o-L index, and only a working couple can hope to afford to pay it back.

The amount loaned to the immigrant, however, is not linked to the dollar or even to the C-o-L index. One must be something of a financial wizard to know when to sign the contract with the owner or contractor - when the value of the mortgage is at its peak, rather than just before

the mortgage level has been updated by the government.

Olim who find it impossible to buy a flat are forced to rent one on the private market; these apartments are generally available only on short leases, and they move from place to place - a repeat of the Wandering Jew syndrome. The government's rent subsidy has finally been linked to the dollar, following Absorption Ministry requests to the Treasury, thus preserving the value of the fairly generous subsidy.

The director of Mevasseret complains that regulations regarding immigrant benefits are often changed suddenly; for example, those relating to basic furniture such as beds, whose cost is later repaid by the immigrant. So many changes are made that centre staffers lose their credibility and olim are left confused and angry.

Many argue that the continuing sharing of aliyah and absorption responsibilities by the Agency and the Absorption Ministry are responsible for these mix-ups, as well as for promises made abroad by aliyah emissaries that are not kept by ministry officials.

GOVERNMENTS of Israel for many years have behaved as if they didn't care about aliyah or olim. The Knesset has never devoted a serious, well-attended session to aliyah and absorption problems. The Horev Commission Report on streamlining the bureaucracy, completed a decade ago, is gathering dust in the State Archives; it has never been discussed by the cabinet.

Since the Absorption Ministry was established in 1968, most of the ministers were either unknown politicians who had to be awarded with a portfolio, or more senior men who had other portfolios as well and had little time for absorption. Many of the Agency officials charged with aliyah were grade-B politicians with no interest or expertise in immigration.

At first glance, it is surprising to encounter so much idealism and enthusiasm when one visits an absorption centre these days. There is certainly an air of tension and worry about jobs, housing and making ends meet. But those who come on aliyah now are more idealistic. A large majority are religiously traditional to Orthodox, who view settling in Eretz Yisrael as a big *mizva*, just as leaving the country is a sin.

Many of the olim have been to Israel before as students or tourists, and they know what they're in for. Despite the harder times, the percentage from the West who return to their native country within three years has dropped significantly. Most of those who do drop out are singles, who are granted only a fraction of the housing assistance given to married people.

Kligman sees a definite concern among potential olim that now is not the time to come on aliyah. Of 22 families who were supposed to come to the centre in October, only five had arrived by the third week of the month. She only expected a few more to turn up.

YA'ACOV NAHON, the bookkeeper from Colombia, is optimistic that he and his wife, a psychologist who acted as a liaison between the Colombia Jewish community and the Israeli embassy, will find work. He says he is very satisfied with the centre, but is eager to leave it, well aware that "it is like an island of Russians, Americans, French, Rumanians, Argentinians - it is not Israel."

Olim tend to speak their native tongues when they are surrounded by immigrants from their country, so

their language proficiency suffers. But the centre's support for fledgling olim is vital at the initial stage, he admits. Tamar Barkai, the woman who came here from France in January with her husband and three children, and her friend Maggie Seaton, who arrived from Paris the same month with a husband and two children, find themselves in a similar economic situation having passed their initial six-month period.

Both couples, modern Orthodox Jews, are highly motivated and looking for work. Neither of the women complains; they worry about the elderly Rumanians who are having a hard time getting through the month on their unemployment allotments.

Both are sorry that they did not come on aliyah earlier, when economic times were easier and it was less of a problem finding housing and employment.

But they are philosophical. "In no other country is there so much help," says Tamar, "certainly not in the U.S. There are no absorption centres like Mevasseret. Here we get a feeling that we are wanted." The centre has organized tours of Jerusalem and various historical and religious sites around the country, making them feel at home in Israel.

She would like to settle in Shilo in Judea and Samaria, while Maggie would like to find a moshav. Tamar, whose parents left Tunisia for France when she was small, and who would like them to follow her to Israel, speaks very good Hebrew. Maggie, whose roots in France go back five generations, is less fluent, but serious about her studies.

"I know a couple who left the absorption centre and went back to France after a year. They told themselves they were here on trial; they felt they had a choice," says Tamar. "The only way to succeed as an olim today is to cut the umbilical cord with your native country and decide that you have come home."

HAIM AHARON of the Agency's aliyah department, who took office at the beginning of this year, says that the Agency has set up a committee to link immigrant subsistence payments (during the first six months in the country) to the level of supplementary assistance grants of the Labour and Social Welfare Ministry. It is also trying to persuade the Finance Ministry to support its call for linking the Absorption Ministry's unemployment benefits to NII payments to unemployed non-immigrants.

As for the problem in finding jobs, Aharon says that many Western Jews have expertise in fields such as engineering and computing, that could easily get them a job in Israel, no matter what its economic situation.

He has heard of potential immigrants who have cancelled or postponed their plans to come, but he believes that the number of olim will stabilize and again total some 16,000 in the coming year. Still, he admits that the figure would be much smaller if it weren't for the arrival of olim from Ethiopia.

The new absorption minister has also quickly realized that something must be done or the economic situation will prove disastrous for aliyah. Tzur has set up his own committee to study mortgages, rental subsidies and unemployment allotments. He is also eager to get far-reaching help with housing for single olim. News about aid to unmarried olim should be disclosed in the next few weeks, says Aharon.

Nevertheless, the going is hard. One can only conclude that those who come on aliyah voluntarily and on their own initiative today are unsung heroes.

A JERUSALEM lady was going to buy a handsome fur coat, priced at \$3,000. Would she purchase it in the morning or the afternoon?

In the morning (we are talking about a Monday), payment is made at the previous Friday's exchange rate. Monday's exchange rate, made known at 1 p.m., was on that particular day 1.6 per cent higher; so if the lady bought the coat in the afternoon, it would cost her IS22,560 more. Had she chosen the morning, the shopkeeper would be getting IS22,560 less.

"And that's not all," he groans. "When we receive payment, do we post it to the bank at the end of the day together with all the other moneys received? Not on your life. The cheque is taken to the bank by hand in a taxi. The cost of the taxi is nothing compared with the cost of even a few hours delay."

How does the shop find out what the new exchange rate is each day? "We phone the Bank of Israel. Everybody phones the bank at the same time, we have to dial and re-dial for over half-an-hour." A disc gives all the exchange rates, like the voice at El Al announcing flights. Now the bank has introduced a separate phone number just for the dollar rate.

A BUSINESSMAN makes the following point:

"I owe a guy a large sum and send him a cheque. He rings me up. Four days have passed (our mail is not the speediest); he wants me to pay the difference. I retort that when I sent him the cheque, I kept an equivalent sum in my current account. It's been waiting for him."

"We shout at each other. Someone has to be the loser, him or me. Blistering disputes heat up Israel's telephone lines on this kind of topic day after day."

There can be nasty surprises. Someone sent a cheque abroad. This involves a double transaction: the bank has first to cash in the money, after which it telexes the dollar equivalent overseas, all of which takes a couple of days. The sender discovered to his chagrin that the processing-time had caused him, on a cheque of \$5,000, a loss - over and above the normal bank charges - of around \$100.

There is a way around the impasse. You can deposit the \$5,000 in a Patam (dollar-linked) account and ask the bank to transmit the money out of that account. Complicated, right? In Israel's present inflationary conditions, you have to think about every financial operation.

Take the simplest possible deal: buying petrol for your automobile. The nearest garage sells for cash, another further away accepts credit cards. Go to the one further away, even though the detour costs you time and petrol. You could be saving yourself (assuming a monthly inflation of 25 per cent) up to 12.5 per cent on the bill.

A firm in the suburbs had an account with a taxi company. It sent a messenger to collect a package, which was too big for his motor-bike. He was told to bring it back by taxi - but not from the cab-rank on the spot. He was to order a vehicle by phone from the taxi company, situated some distance away.

"It will cost more," he protested. "No, it won't." "Why not?" "Inflation, you idiot."

EVERYBODY BECOMES a dealer. At one workplace in the capital, the men are known to take their monthly pay-packet straight to East Jerusalem, where they buy black-market dollars. They sell the green-

Money madness

The Post's David Krivine lists some of the bewildering complexities faced by businessmen in days of runaway inflation



backs during the month to finance their daily shopping.

Those with accounts at the bank phone in constantly. Are they in credit? Horror! The money depreciates at close to 1 per cent per diem. Are they in deficit? Still worse. An overdraft within the permitted limits costs 24 per cent a month. If the depositor exceeds those limits, he is charged 28.5 per cent.

Some businessmen get dunned for more, having to unpocket 35 per cent. One of them exploded with wrath. "That means 10 per cent a month at least, over and above the rate of inflation!"

It's the same as paying 120 per cent per annum on a dollar loan.

Many firms are used to living on borrowed money because working capital has traditionally been subsidized by the government.

Now they fall on their noses. A company that relies on overdrafts

above its approved credit-line is doomed.

Do wholesalers still give their customers 60 days' grace?

"If they do," the businessman observes, "they will land themselves with a 60 per cent fine, paid by them to their customers."

Is there a way around that too?

"Yes, by building the inflation into the price. Assuming that the index is rising by 25 per cent a month, a supplier who doesn't want to lose money must raise his initial selling price by 56 per cent. An item priced at IS1,000 must be billed at IS1,560. If he does that, he will be accused of profiteering; yet he will only be getting at the end of 60 days - in real terms - the price he originally charged."

Alternatively, he can link the credit to the dollar. Often there is a combination of the two. However, 60 days' credit doesn't exist any

more. It's down to 30 days, and in many cases to a maximum of 15 days.

Why is that, if the credit is linked? "Firms want cash, they are strangled for money."

THE HEAD of an investment company deplores that he can't read his own profit-and-loss account any more.

"Once upon a time, if you had receipts of IS1m, you wrote down IS1m. Today, the figure is meaningless. You have to know when the money was paid in."

"Let me give you an example. A department in one of our hotels has always showed a profit, and suddenly it showed a loss. What was the reason? Many foreign visitors pay for their rooms in advance, and there's nothing wrong with that. But expenses are debited as they occur. Since prices go up each month, outlays turned out to be bigger than income."

An industrial company made a profit in dollars last year. But according to the official accounting procedure, it showed a loss in shekels. So it was not charged income tax.

How come? It earned a dollop of income at the start of the year, when the dollar was IS40. It carried a debt, and the linkage was tax-deductible. During the 12-month period, the shekel sank to IS50 per dollar. So by the end of the year, the amount deductible on the debt (which had not grown in dollar terms) was greater than the amount registered as earned income (which was "linked" only in part, depending on how the money was used).

Analysing figures has become a full-time job. Companies take on an extra accountant just to cope with inflation. Every transaction becomes complex. The small man gets to be a professional financier. He instructs his bank daily, even hourly, to "buy" or "sell" sums amounting to \$100 or \$200. The work of the bank is doubled and trebled.

The author of this article used to buy 30 or 40 stamps at a time for his mail to Europe and the U.S. He dares not do that any more: it is throwing money into the gutter. Now, every time he writes a letter to a foreign destination, he takes a walk to the post office and queues up to purchase one stamp.

IT IS NOT sufficient in business to provide a good product or service and sell it at a competitive price. The trick nowadays is manipulation. Get your receipts as early as possible and make your payments as late as possible. Sounds easy? The trouble is that the people you do business with want the same thing in reverse - that your receipts from them be as late as possible and your payments to them as early as possible.

Transactions are bunched on the 14th of each month, and for a simple reason. The price-index is published on the 15th. If you owe someone, say, IS100,000 index-linked, the sum equals \$220 when you pay it, but it is worth \$180 to the recipient on the next day.

"The Treasury does that to its creditors systematically: it pays on the 14th of the month," says an auditor reprovingly. "It's a form of taxation which doesn't figure in the budget."

Best off, he says, are the self-employed doctors, dentists, lawyers and other professional people who get the bulk of their fees in cash.

"The gap from the time the doctor pockets his fee until he hands over the tax due on it ranges from 16 to 45 days. His tax obligation may come to 60 per cent, and he conscientiously pays that - but in depreciated

money. The true cost of the tax to him is not 60 per cent; it is something like 35 per cent."

The Law on Taxation in Times of Inflation does its best to help prevent the erosion of capital. An enterprise owns IS10m. of capital, and prices treble during the year; therefore, in order to retain its original value, the above sum should rise to IS30m.

The company may deduct from profits a sum to shore up that capital. It has a profit of IS20m. It needs the whole of that to do the shoring-up in full, all the way to IS30m. In fact, it is allowed to use not more than half its profits for the purpose. Half of IS20m comes to IS10m., so the company is charged tax only on the remaining IS10m.

Not surprisingly, many industrial firms took advantage of the stock-exchange boom 18 months ago and sold shares to the public, because the government had made it advantageous to own equity. (The government had also made it less advantageous to use the money for playing the market instead of ploughing it into the business. Stock-exchange profits accruing to business firms are now taxable.)

DAVID BRODT, assistant director-general in the Ministry of Industry and Trade:

"The problem is uncertainty. If we knew that all prices were rising evenly at a steady 5 per cent a month, there wouldn't be any great difficulty. But nobody knows what next month's inflation will be. Also, there are leads and lags. If a merchant raises his prices too late, he can take a beating. Everything depends on timing." The old adage, "Time is money," has never been so true.

Big producers and big marketing organizations clash over this time factor, Brodt points out.

"The marketing organizations expect 30 to 90 days' credit as before, the manufacturers cry *gewalt*. A month is now like a year." He reaches for his price-statistic tables: "To give 45 days' credit today is, in cost terms, like giving three years' credit in the early Seventies."

Not all firms manage; some face a severe liquidity crisis. "A lot of energy is wasted in getting to grips with this welter of problems. The banks are overworked. Paradoxically, the pressure they face has accelerated computerization. They are ahead of the European banking system in this respect."

"Even supermarkets have computers connected to their cash registers. The shop-girl presses a code-number identifying the item purchased; the cash register prints its current price."

Why not fix everything in dollars? Many agencies do, but there are erratic results here, too. The owner of a repair-garage points to a form supplied by a manufacturer of electric batteries. Prices are listed both in dollars and in shekels. The date is given as September 30 and the exchange rate, printed prominently, is IS408 to the dollar.

Says the garage owner: "I have just been notified (this is October 15) that as from tomorrow, the exchange rate will be IS480 to the dollar. Have you ever heard of such a thing? What's going on here?" The Bank of Israel's exchange rate was much lower - IS438.

Profiteering? On the other hand, the exchange rate during the period 30 September-15 October had risen higher than the IS408 fixed by the battery company. So it was really penalizing the public, or just trying to recover losses? Or anticipating the price-freeze?

Or was it doing all three? In these bewildering times, one doesn't know any more.

Doreen was back in Berkeley now, remarried, another family. It had been 10 years since I had seen her, 15 since we had both lived in that renowned town.

I called to say hello, and she invited me and Molly to come to some kind of ceremony for her newborn son. She called it a "naming ceremony" and when I asked her if that meant a *brit*, she said no, it's a naming ceremony.

Her husband was from New York, a Renaissance man whom everyone described as brilliant. He was a professor like her first husband, Paul, but he didn't sound anything like Paul, who had stopped being a brilliant professor long ago, and had gone off to work as a teamster.

Molly wanted to go, to get out of the cycle of playgrounds and dirty diapers and see some grown-up people. She was also curious to meet beautiful Doreen, the heroine of Carol Liskin's trashy book, a best-seller which had been made into a TV mini-series.

The house in the Berkeley flatlands off Sacramento St. was overflowing with couples, most of them in their late thirties, lots of little kids, everything at Berkeley tempo, wine and smoke on the sun dappled brown-shingle porch. I very much enjoyed the spacious three-bedroom house was packed with Doreen and Jeff's friends, most of them from their "Radical Havura" group. None of the people I had known well in the Berkeley of the Sixties was there, but I recognized Agnes Brown, the Black journalist who had been involved in the Free Speech Movement and the Vietnam Day Committee. She remembered me as a friend of Sidney Kramer's, and she asked me about the tormenting genius who had spent the Seventies in hell. He had tried suicide four times during a decade of in-and-out incarceration as a manic-depressive.

"What a loss - to us," she said. "But Sidney was always so crazy intense... You know, I love him a lot. He and Ben Goldman were always very sure of their Jewishness, and they didn't just say yassuh to the Black nationalists who were ranting on about the Jews. Did you know that I converted?"

I was shocked. "To Judaism?" When I asked her why, she said that the people closest to her were Jews, from childhood on. "My father was a state legislator. I was never out on the streets trying to score smack or sell myself at age 12. I relate to Jews better than to Blacks. I respect the history and the learning, the religion you know, it saved my life. I got raped six months ago by this ghoul called Greasy, the Berkeley nightmare... He raped me for five hours, broke into the house and held a knife to my throat. My little boy was asleep in the next room. Greasy said he was going to kill us both. He was very big, powerful, a Black with a hood on his head. I've never been so close to death before. All I could think of was the *Shema*, you know? I kept saying it over and over and over again like a mantra - *Shema Yisrael Adonai Eloheinu Adonai Ehad*. It saved my life. I would have lost my mind without it."

THE GUESTS started cramming in to the word-panelled living room with its parquet floor. Molly and I held up our kids to let them see what was happening. A hip, Reform-type rabbi was standing next to the new parents, I gaped when I saw Doreen. I had told Molly what a beauty she was, a princess of the Movement, and here was this plump, hard-faced middle-aged woman.

Who would have thought that our generation would ever grow older?

Doreen had always photographed so well: at the Oakland Induction Centre, at People's Park in '69, or in Goddard's movie, when he spread some of his \$6 million budget among the fresh-faced revolutionary students shouting "Power to the People." In one scene of that film, Doreen, who came from Beverly Hills like I did, said, "I don't have to prove my revolutionary credentials to anyone." She looked lovely, like she did when she curled up to Paul and let her Chinese skirt crawl up to reveal a silky leg.

In the movie, as in real life, Paul's presence had always been more impressive. He had been born political, and he possessed that first-born's assurance in whatever he said, smooth but thoughtful while others feared they would trip over their tongues or say something foolish.

Doreen's new husband made a different impression. A distorted, intelligent, snotty face, bumpy head and glasses. He and Doreen were rambling on about how they chose their son's name - Adam.

Molly was put off by the spectacle. "A naming ceremony? Why can't they just celebrate a birth instead of holding all these people here? What's so interesting that they all look so crap?" Let's go.

Agnes nudged up to us. "Jeff there is right up there with Noam Chomsky - he's really very brilliant and he's okay, although he's a bit too contemptuous of mere mortals."

Jeff had three PhDs from Harvard and Cal Tech in philosophy, physics and political science. He was probably high on the piano, the best Channel swimmer in the world and a genius of Kabbalah as well. He had written six books, and his lectures at Berkeley were packed with admiring students.

AS THE ceremony droned on, the kids got restless, and we took them out to the front lawn. Doreen and Jeff took 40 more minutes to explain how they came to name their son Adam. The audience seemed to enjoy the presentation, which, I learned later, had to do with clay and earth and rejection of the five story and the colour red. Finally, the hip rabbi mumbled a blessing and the ceremony ended with gentle laughter and applause.

Then Doreen, surrounded by an entourage of friends, brought gurgling Adam into the sun. When she saw me, she gave me a hug, shook hands with Molly and our children. A sloppy pregnant woman who looked in her ninth month joined us. Doreen introduced her as Berkeley's leading midwife. Jeff came over to introduce himself. I told him we had come back to the States for a short stay to try to make some money, and that we were going back to Israel soon. A slight smile flashed across his broad face.

"The trouble with Israel," he said, "is that if you have to be Jewish to be a first-class citizen, how can you claim to be a democratic state?"

I figured such a brilliant person would run circles around me, so I got him to do the talking, asking him about their Jewish consciousness group.

Jeff was pleased and explained how the "radical Havura phenomenon" got started. "We're all on the left. We were all active in the anti-war movement. We wanted to interpret what this Jewish revival thing is all about. What developed was this circle of about 50 people - including about 15 PhDs and writers of twice as many books - singing together, lighting candles on Friday nights. Very few had real Jewish backgrounds. I did. My grandfather was one of the leading Jewish intel-

Naming Adam

The Havura movement has attracted tens of thousands of American Jews who wish to express their Jewishness in a communal, informal framework. LOUIS RAPOPORT describes an encounter with a probably atypical group, radical students of the '60s generation.



lectuals in Europe."

Jeff had been a member of Hahonim, and had spoken on the same platform with Ben-Gurion in the Fifties. "That's when I swallowed all the bullshit the Zionists feed you." He had grown up in the Social Democratic world, the anti-Zionists in the Workers' Circle. About one-third of his friends had similar pink- or red-diaper New York Jewish backgrounds.

"Anyway, we all had a sense of wanting to re-do the ritual and to create new ceremonies, like the one we just had. What'd you think of it?" "Oh, very nice," I said.

"So we learned more about the Jewish holy days and customs in order to create new rituals, followed by critical evaluations of Zionism, talks on Jewish socialism in America - but also talks on Cuba and other subjects as well."

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lectuals in Europe."

They had added a "post-Reform rabbi" who said things like "You are the tradition." Doreen had planned the whole naming ceremony. Jeff continued, the rabbi was just a master of ceremonies. She picked the passages that were read, planted a symbolic tree in the yard and bought 12 joss-sticks at the Indian head shop on Telegraph Avenue to represent the 12 tribes of Israel. They had roughed it out over the issue of circumcision.

The question wasn't religious, Doreen claimed, the question was why circumcision? "It's clear it's not necessary," Doreen said. "It's not now debatable as far as health goes. So what you have is this surgical procedure that *hurts*, and that even has a small risk to it." She didn't want to hurt anyone, least of all an innocent baby.

"Without the health issue," Jeff interjected, "there are only social questions - an uncircumcised boy would have trouble with his peers. And he would be different from his father. That was the reason I wanted it."

Doreen was against it completely. But Jeff took his own advice to "do what you feel comfortable with." So they reached a compromise. A doctor came over - a member of the *hivura* - and he did a partial circumcision. The 50 per cent solution: "I didn't feel I'd be breaking a law of God if I didn't have my son circum-

cised," Jeff snickered. "It wasn't a theological question at all."

IN THEIR first year, the radical Havura avoided the subject of Israel entirely, fearing that it would destroy their budding effort. But it finally emerged as an issue. "Only it wasn't contentious, there are no outright anti-Israel people in our group," Jeff said. "Carol Berman over there set up a programme getting Arabs and Jews on the left together. A woman from the National Lawyers' Guild talked about torture in Israel. A Saudi from the Quakers' Mideast project also spoke to our group. There's a lot of that. Basically, we're worldly, secular people interested in the spiritual aspects of Judaism, not in the religion. As Paul Tillich said, if you have ultimate concerns, you believe in God. We are traditional secularists, like we have our own Haggada, including a passage by Eugene Debs."

Agnes walked over to us with a man who wore a shabby, soiled Greek sailor hat and introduced him to Molly and me as an old friend of Sidney's, Bill Zalman.

"Have you seen him?" Zalman asked me. "How is he?"

Zalman was a patriarch of the student movement, a founder of SDS. He looked sad and lovable, a 45-year-old man who had become a religious Jew in the late 1970s.

Bill's our only religious member."

After talking about Sidney's suicide attempts and his struggles with Lithium, I asked why Bill was different from the others, why he had become a *baal teshuva*, a penitent.

"I didn't have any religious tradition in my family," he said focusing on my eyes. "My parents were New Dealers, very assimilated. And SDS, well, it's strange about SDS. There was never any talk at all about Jews in the organization in the Sixties, even though about 40 per cent of the members were Jews. It wasn't until a couple of years ago at an SDS reunion that we had any discussion about it. We even had a Jewish caucus - it was the first time in my experience that something like that was held in a larger, revolutionary movement. It seems that the interaction between the feminist movement and the Jewish movement is crucial for advancing the revolution. I never really thought about Israel until after the Yom Kippur War."

Molly and I both liked him. He looked like a victim of the times, a sweet and vulnerable and lonely man. The others seemed to be sanctimonious intellectuals who paid lip-service to Israel's right to exist. Bill spoke humbly, perhaps a little too humbly - a beaten-down monk among his Berkeley people, who seemed to feel sorry for him.

"We need a world organization of strugglers. Planetary comprehension of our situation. Every nation has a tradition moving towards that place. My roots are in Jerusalem or in Hebron or someplace - but my roots are also in America, in the radical, progressive human rights movement. Every people has a right to its burying place. Abraham is the father of both Jews and Arabs. I'm looking for the combination between Jewishness and radical tradition so that I'm not fragmented. I consider myself enlisted in the army of the Jews."

Jeff winced, Doreen looked away. Agnes smiled. Doreen tried to redirect the conversation. "The things that are important to us now are the anti-nuclear campaign, health and welfare issues, Cuba..."

ANOTHER SDS founder joined the circle on the lawn. Arni Zampolsky was a devout believer in Marx, part of the Marxist elite that by the 1970s had become a major force in American universities. He had entered the Jewish consciousness group after overhearing his eight-year-old daughter tell another kid that her religion was "Scorpio." He was another of the "cultural Jews" and said he believed "in the need for a concrete ethnic culture for myself and my daughter in order to counter the rock-and-roll youth culture and TV commercials that surround her."

There was something reptilian in his movements. He exuded arrogance and self-righteousness. "It's a historical accident that I'm Jewish," he said. "I'm a Marxist. I certainly don't believe in 'my people first.' Israel isn't any more important to me than China, Cuba, Cambodia. Everyone in our group is pro-Palestinian. Our only differences are over the nature of the group itself, the relevancy of Jewishness."

Blotchy red Adam, who had been asleep, was gasping for breath, crying.

"The group's not at all monolithic," Doreen explained, pulling out her breast and bringing Adam to it. "There's lots of conflict. David Korn - he was a major force during the FSM - he will accuse us of being too secular, humanist. Politics remains very central to our concerns."

"We're not overly concerned about Soviet Jewry for one thing," Arni sniffed. "That's mainly an establishment Jewish concern. None of us are going to rush into the streets to demonstrate - everyone's quite sophisticated politically. It's a real Jewish, socialist, feminist group."

Jeff mentioned that I worked for a newspaper.

Arni's face immediately registered paranoia. A comic-book reaction: his eyes narrowed into red suspicious slits, his pupils darted back and forth. "You are not going to report on any of this, if I knew you worked for the media I never would have rapped to you."

He left abruptly, joining other guests, snarling and gesturing towards me. "Don't mind that," Jeff reassured me. "I mean, he's right of course - none of this is to be written about, used by the media. We are not interested in attracting new members or anything. We're just a group of friends with mutual Jewish interests."

I thought they were right to be paranoid about what other friends might think, as well as their enemies - a radical Jewish cabal! Doreen, having comforted Adam, now, in a sense, offered her breast to me. "You remember what paranoia was like - Arni just doesn't know you. And we've been burned so often."

"There's a lot of conflict and pain among us," Bill said softly, "mostly over how important it is to be Jewish."

Jeff looked at him impatiently. "We're not political or religious Zionists for whom Israel is the ultimate expression. None of us is concerned with the goal of living in Israel."

"Except me," Bill said, smiling wryly.

WE GAVE Agnes Brown a ride back to the city. She sat in the back seat between the children. Molly turned in her seat to ask her what she thought of the naming ceremony, and the group as a whole.

"I'm not part of it - you know what they say about converts? We're the most fanatical about the religion. I believe in Judaism, not just in Jewish traditions and cultural Jewishness. Doreen's an old dear friend, and I went to her ceremony to see her and Adam, not to take part in any of that jive. I knew most of these people in 1964, and now it's a generation later, you know what I mean?"

I said that I don't relate to people who are so intent on only one aspect of being Jewish that they turn it into a cause - some people on the left did that with so-called Jewish culture.

Agnes said "there's some super-fine people, like Bill, and Deborah Glass and Mike Sommers. There's some obnoxious people like Leo Jacobson - and by the way, he's not just concentrated on the culture. He advocates more religious content, more transcendental experience - and he's got supporters in the group. His big rival is Jeff, who

wants to leave God out. I don't know how God could survive that. Jeff, like he told you, is focused on political, humanistic stuff, as they say in their jargon. And Leo, he's trying to 'reconnect with Tora.'"

"Spotty know-it-alls," said Molly. "Pompous Berkeley - I suppose they can intellectualize anything. They say they're not interested in Israel - that's fine. Nothing wrong with that. But then they turn around and say they're all pro-Palestinian and Israel is a fascist state. They seem to me just as blind as those Jews who support anything that Israel does. There's a real struggle in Israel. People aren't so removed from real life."

"I left Berkeley in '68 and didn't come back to the Bay Area for 10 years because all the radical bullshit and racial tension got me down," Agnes said. "For a while I got drawn back in when SDS factioned out. But finally I just dropped out of everything, including my marriage. I went back home to Philadelphia. I have a nine-year-old boy, and when he was a toddler, I started thinking about Judaism in terms of my life and his life, and I studied everything I could about it, ethics and the law and dealing with each other."

"I always believed in God, so that was no problem. Doreen was very supportive about my becoming a Jew. It was around that time that the Berkeley radicals started to become aware of the need for a spiritual life. None of us were Moonie types or People's Temple types. Judaism is constantly changing, and its values fit what we radicals believed in and talked about all these years."

SHE HAD GONE the whole route, an Orthodox conversion. Most of her old Berkeley friends treated her like a freak. "You know, at the SDS reunion a few years ago we broke up into all these groups - but I couldn't bring myself to go to the Jewish caucus because of their narrow definitions - cultural and ethnic but not religious. By their definition, I'm not Jewish - it excludes me because I don't relate to Yiddishkeit. I'm a religious Jew. I'm not just eating latkes on Hanukkah or doing the hora. That's why I don't go to any of the secular minyans the group holds. I'm religious, so I'm not Jewish in their eyes. It bothers me because we have a lot in common. We got a history together."

One old friend, a magazine editor, hung up on her when she told him she had converted. Two hours later, he called back, saying "Listen Agnes, I don't think you're crazy. But you've just done something I've spent my entire adult life running away from."

"I told him, you know, our generation is older now. We got families. Our parents are dying, and all of a sudden, we need kaddish. The left doesn't begin to deal with death. We got to build new bridges."

I mentioned something Sidney Kramer had written from an outpatient facility in Los Angeles. "Epistle to the Jewish Left." It said that although Jewish leftists should align themselves with Israelis who favour territorial compromise with the Palestinians, their most important work was at home.

Agnes shook her head. "Our generation was so alienated that we didn't even know about the Jewish community here. Why should we be concerned about everyday reality, taking care of old people... I think we should concentrate on our own people first, just like SNCC did. I know baby, I been in both places."

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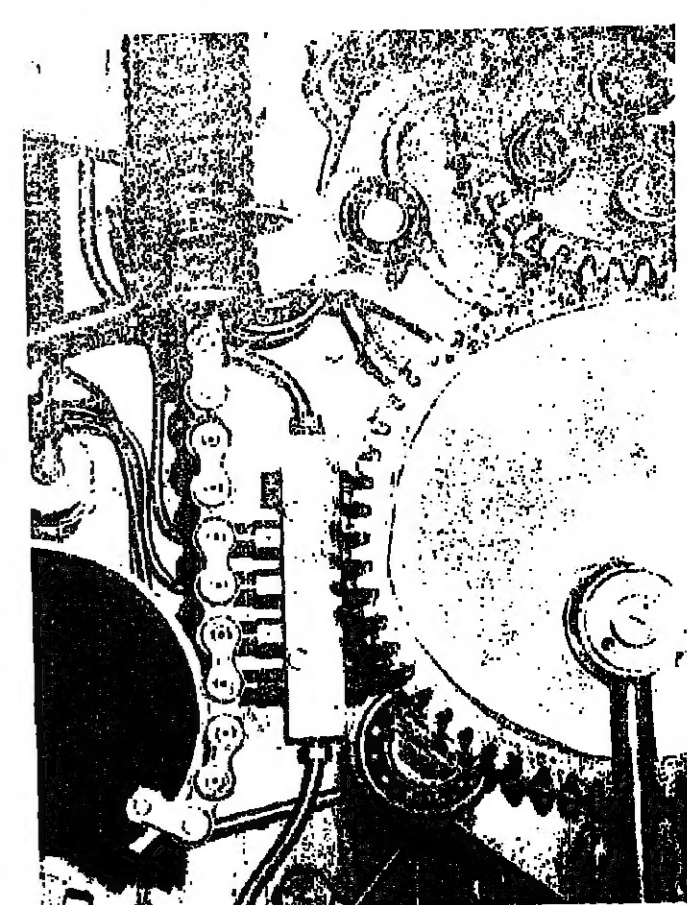
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Technokibbutzology



Whatever happened to the image of the idealistic pioneer settling on a kibbutz to grow oranges? The kibbutznik today is just as likely to be a chemist, hotel manager or electronic engineer.

The astonishing evolution of kibbutz industry has led to the establishment of some 330 factories, producing everything from robots to toilets to silicone gaskets. But the kibbutz has not forgotten its roots, so to speak, and is still supplying the world with those big, beautiful Jaffa oranges.

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 Sat. 7.15, 9.15
 Weekdays 7.9

SMALL AUDITORIUM
BINYENI HA'UMA
 2nd week
CROSS CREEK
 Sat. and weekdays 7.9.15
 Tickets: 15000 (matinee), 151,000 (evening)

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY
NINJA III
 Sat. 7.15, 9.15
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN-YEHUDA
WOMAN IN RED
 Tonight 10, 12
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 1.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOH
TEL AVIV UNIVERSITY
JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
 Mon. 8.30

JAZZ SINGER
 Thurs. 8.30

THE BOAT IS FULL
 Thurs. 8.30

CHEN 1
SPLASH
 Fri. 9.40 p.m., 12.20 p.m.
 Sat. 7.20, 9.45
 Weekdays 4.45, 7.20, 9.45

CHEN 2
REUVEN REUVEN
 Tonight 10, 12.15
 Sat. 7.20, 9.40
 Weekdays 4.45, 7.20, 9.40

CHEN 3
ROMANCING THE STONE
 Fri. 9.50, 12.15
 Sat. 7.20, 9.45
 Weekdays 4.45, 7.15, 9.35

CHEN 4
THE BIG CHILL
 Tonight 10, 12.15
 Sat. 7.25, 9.40
 Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 5.7.25, 9.40

CHEN 5
POLICE ACADEMY
 Tonight 10, 12.15
 Sat. 7.25, 9.40
 Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 5.7.25, 9.40

CINEMA ONE
FLYING HIGH
 Fri. 10 p.m.
 Sat. 7.9.30
 Weekdays 4.20, 7.9.30

CINEMA TWO FORCED WITNESS

Fri. 10 p.m.
 Sat. 7.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CLASS
AGAINST ALL ODDS
 Tonight 10
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL
THE SURVIVORS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.10, 9.30

DRIVE-IN
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS
 Tonight 10
 Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.30

ESTHER
L'ADDITION
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT
GREYSTOKE
 Sat. 7.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.9.30

GORDON
THE HERD
 A new film by the director of '1st Sat. 7.10, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.10, 9.30

HOD
TOP SECRET
 Fri. 10 p.m.
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

INSTITUT FRANCAIS
LE PAYS BLEU
 In presence of film director JEAN CHARLES TACCHIELLA
 Sat. 7.30

LEVY
BEYOND THE WALLS
 Tonight 9.30, 11.30
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 1.45, 4.45, 7.15, 9.30

LEVY II
DUTY FREE MARRIAGE
 Tonight 9.30, 11.30
 Sat. 7.30, 9.30
 Weekdays 1.45, 5.45, 7.30, 9.40

LIMOR
ROSEMARY'S BABY
 Tonight 10, 12
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MAXIM
L'AVARE de Molière
 (The Miser by Molière)
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MOGRABI
OSTERMAN WEEKEND
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORLY FUNNY PEOPLE II

8th week
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
 Fri. 11 a.m.

PARIS
LA FEMME D'ACOTÉ
 Today 12 noon: 10, 12 Midnight
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 12.2, 4.7.15, 9.30

PEER
ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAF
MARIA'S LOVERS
 Fri. 10 p.m., midnight
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

STUDIO
DANIEL
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TAMUZ
Cinema Ramat Aviv
 Tel. 412761
 * TERESA STRATAS
 * PLACIDO DOMINGO
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TUTTLET
THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
 Sat. 7.30, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV
CONAN THE DESTROYER
 Tonight 10 p.m.
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

OKTOPUSSY
 Fri. and Sat. 11 a.m.
 Today 2: FIRST BLOOD
 Tue. 2.30: HOPSCOTCH

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY
 Sun., Thurs. 7.30, 9.30
 Weekdays 5.30, 7.30, 9.30

ZAFON
PARIS-TEXAS
 Tonight 10
 Sat. 6.45, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas
AMPHITHEATRE
 * MICHAEL KEATON
 * TERRY GAR
 in a wonderful comedy
MR. MOM
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45, 9

ARMON
ROMANCING THE STONE
 * KATHLEEN CUNNEEN
 * MICHAEL DOUGLAS
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45, 9

ATZMON CANNONBALL RUN II

2nd week
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45, 9

CHEN
SPLASH
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45, 9

MORIAH
BRAIN STORM
 Thursday - midnight show

ORAH
OSTERMAN WEEKEND
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45, 9

ORLY
LA TRAVIATA
 Music by Verdi
 Produced by Zeffirelli
 * TERESA STRATAS
 * PLACIDO DOMINGO
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45, 9

PEER
BEYOND THE WALLS
 An Uri Barabash and Rudi Cohen film with Amnon Tzadok and Muhammad Bakri
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45, 9

RON
TOP SECRET
 Sat. 7.9
 Weekdays 4.6.45, 9

SHAVIT
PARIS-TEXAS
 Sat. and weekdays 6.30, 9.15

RAMAT GAN Cinemas
ARMON
BEYOND THE WALLS
 Tonight 10 p.m.
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LILY
WOMAN IN RED
 Tonight 10
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

OASIS
SPLASH
 Tonight 10 p.m.
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ATZMAUT
FORCED WITNESS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
 Mat. 4.30: STAR TREK III

BAT YAM CINEMA

GIVE SOLDIERS LIFTS

ORDEA ZIGZAG STORY

2nd week
 Tonight 10
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN
L'AVARE de Molière
 (The Miser by Molière)
 Tonight 9.30
 Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.30
 Sunday only: 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

DAVID
FUNNY PEOPLE II
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HECHAL
FORCED WITNESS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
 Mat. 4.30
MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

TIFERET
MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.15
 Sun. and Mon. 4.30

HOLON Cinemas
MIGDAL
SPLASH
 Tonight 10
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

SAVOY
JAWS III
 Tonight, 10 p.m.
 Sat. 7.15, 9.30
 Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
 Sat. 11 a.m.
LASSIE COME HOME

BAT YAM CINEMA

ATZMAUT
FORCED WITNESS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
 Mat. 4.30: STAR TREK III

ATZMAUT
FORCED WITNESS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
 Mat. 4.30: STAR TREK III

ATZMAUT
FORCED WITNESS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
 Mat. 4.30: STAR TREK III

ATZMAUT
FORCED WITNESS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
 Mat. 4.30: STAR TREK III

ATZMAUT
FORCED WITNESS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
 Mat. 4.30: STAR TREK III

ATZMAUT
FORCED WITNESS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
 Mat. 4.30: STAR TREK III

This Week in Israel-Th

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An artist in suburbia

NO DOUBT Reuben Reuben is first and foremost a showcase for the outstanding talents of British actor Tom Conti. This is the kind of opportunity he was bound to get sooner or later, after his remarkable performances on stage and television, and he makes the most of it. If in *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence* he was excellent but had to play the straight man to David Bowie and Ryuichi Sakamoto, here there is no one in sight to compete with his acting. As Gowan McGlind, the dissipated, alcoholic, lecherous, rumpled Welsh poet who survives by lecturing about his own poetry at ladies' tea parties in American suburbia, he is a marvel to watch, funny, pathetic, cynical and desperate, all at the same time.

Peter de Vries, who wrote the original novel, was clearly inspired by such live examples as Dylan Thomas and Brendan Behan; the novel was then turned into a play, and veteran scriptwriter Julius Epstein concocted from it all a literate, verbose screenplay, which stops short of tragedy on the one hand and satire on the other, and limits itself to intelligent entertainment.

The whole attitude is too good-natured, even in its nastier moments, to really bother anybody; and the short-lived romance between the poet and a typical American beauty is clearly misplaced from the start, so you don't feel too awkward when it doesn't work out.

Of course, all sorts of further reflections could have been suggested; the artist as an irresponsible infant in a society of uncompromising adults, or the artist as a human being in a society of automatic conformism, and so on. Neither the script nor the faithful direction of Robert Ellis Miller, who is always at the right place to catch Conti in his



Conti in "Reuben, Reuben."

CINEMA Dan Fainaru

best moments, seem too willing to go into all that. But, to be fair, Conti himself offers more than full value for your money. So why be too demanding?

AFTER several years of inactivity, Sam Peckinpah, the grand master of stylized violence, is back behind the camera with a paranoid item that would make Kafka look like a well-adjusted personality. Using the Robert Ludlum novel *The Osterman Weekend*, Peckinpah spins a tale in which everybody manipulates every-

body else; if it is taken seriously, one might even suspect that the ending suggests it is all a vicious circle and maybe the machines are to blame.

A CIA agent whose wife was murdered several years ago pretends he has uncovered a spy ring operating in the U.S. He convinces his CIA chiefs to set a trap for the villains, using as his decoy a popular and caustic TV personality.

The suspects are all invited to the decoy's home, which has been wired all over with closed-circuit TV; through clever hints they are to be tricked into revealing themselves before the cameras. This is not so simple, for it soon appears that nobody is really in control and violence breaks out in all its fierceness by the second half of the picture. But even that won't solve the riddle for the audience, who are supposed to unravel the puzzle at home.

If they don't succeed, the reason is very simple. Being manipulated, all the characters here have the profound personalities of puppets - whether they love or hate each other, whether they take drugs or sell information, is irrelevant, for they don't have an existence of their own and just do what the script tells them to, and to hell with the rest.

Of course, it is always possible to discuss the perfect timing and choreography of mayhem, but that is Peckinpah's trademark and as such not very surprising. Rutger Hauer was much more interesting as an android in *Blade Runner* than he is here as a TV star, John Hurt, as a CIA agent, seems to have lost his way in this film. And Burt Lancaster should be more careful picking his guest performances.

Still, for those who enjoy quizzes, riddles and such, this may be the right stuff. Who knows?

FILMS IN BRIEF

L'ADDITION - Typical prison film about the innocent having to face the gruesome facts of life behind bars. This film deals with a Kafkaesque legal process which can turn anyone into a hapless victim, but the film is not totally successful.

AGAINST ALL ODDS - Remake of a film called "Out of the Past." This version portrays a love triangle in which an American football star falls in love with a woman involved with a night-club owner. The characters, being insufficiently interesting, make for a film of little substance.

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE - British film directed by Michael Radford. Set in 1944, it shows what happens when Italian prisoners-of-war come to work in an isolated farming community in Scotland. A good film, unsuspicious of British cinema with its sympathy for the cross-currents of Italian and Scottish attitudes.

BEYOND THE WALLS - Israeli director Uri Barabash deals with the complex relationships between Jews and Arabs in a maximum-security prison. A very good film, winner of the Cinca Prize in Venice.

THE BOAT IS FULL - Markus Imhoof's film about a group of refugees which manages to cover the border from Germany to Switzerland during World War II, is an overwhelming experience, unspiced in a low key.

DR. NO - Sean Connery as James Bond in Ian Fleming's caper in which Bond investigates events in Jamaica, where he meets master-friend Dr. No.

FLYING HIGH - "Airport" never looked like this. A mad send-up of everything serious Hollywood ever produced comes off as a joke, some good, some bad and some indifferent, but who can tell at this pace?

FORCED WITNESS - Israeli film about a woman who is the sole witness of a rape incident. Regarded by practically everyone to whom she turns for help, she is persecuted with a society as the victim of criminals.

FUNNY PEOPLE II - A new collection of candid camera sequences by South African filmmaker Jamie Uys.

GREYSTOKE, LEGEND OF TARZAN KING OF THE APES - There is little romanticism here about Tarzan's childhood in the African jungle. We also see the hero proceeding to be the hero of Lord Greystoke, brilliantly played by Sir Ralph Richardson in his last role. Much visual splendour, and pleasant entertainment if you're not awash.

THE HERD - Award-winning film written by the scriptwriter of "Vol." A tragedy, taking place in Turkey, about the marriage of a shepherd and his wife from a rival family. A rough, gritty film that can't be described as enjoyable.

I LOVE YOU CARMEN - Directed by Carlos Saura, based on the opera, with music by Bizet. Skilful sympathetic camera-work makes this film good entertainment.

THE JAZZ SINGER - New version of the first talkie, this time in the '30s with Neil Diamond in the title role. Laurence Olivier, starting as a cantor, seems to get carried away with the overacting tradition of Yiddish melodrama.

LA TRAVIATA - Director Franco Zeffirelli remains faithful to the spirit of Verdi's famous, larger-than-life, kitsch opera, and makes it work as a film. Starring Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo in the lead roles.

MIRROW ON THE HUDSON - A very comely directed by Paul Mazursky. Robin Williams plays the role of Vladimir Kovaloff, a gentle Russian savant who decides to defect during a visit to Bloomberg's department store in New York City.

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE DAMASCUS - New Israeli film about Uri Simon, a kibbutznik from the north, who is given a long sentence after being charged with spying for Syria. After his arrest, the lives of his friends

change, and some of them become pawns in a much larger game.

PARISTEXAS - A sensitive portrayal of a man who drops out of normal life and has to piece his existence together again when he is accidentally returned to society. Excellent film by Wim Wenders.

POLICE ACADEMY - About a liberal lady mayor who opens the doors of the force to anyone who wishes to join. This film has a bit of many things - sex, violence, racist manner, slapstick, satire and more, but they all add up to no great film.

RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE - Set in a remote French 16th-century village. Constructed as a thriller, the audience is invited to guess who the real Martin Guerre is, and questions of ethics, morality and truth are raised. This film is a rewarding experience.

ROMANCING THE STONE - A romantic, early adventure of a young New York writer who goes to the jungles of Colombia to save her kidnapped sister. Lots of adventure, action and danger, but at least the film doesn't take itself too seriously.

SPLASH - Walt Disney comedy about an unlikely romance between a young man and a mermaid. Innocent, enjoyable entertainment.

A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY - Tale of one sad, revealing moment in the dwindling life of Monsieur Urmelard, a moderately successful and thoroughly unsatisfied artist. French director Bertrand Tavernier turns an outwardly banal day into a moving examination of a man's search for his past.

TOP SECRET - About the efforts to recruit a famous scientist who has been captured by the East Germans. A amusing, light entertainment, certainly nothing more.

ZIGZAG STORY - A very French situation comedy about friends, a colour-blind artist, a photographer of nude models, and a radio announcer. Very enjoyable.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

USUALLY in this column, one can expect to read all about how I eat all kinds of wonderful dishes. This week, I am afraid, I'm going to have to eat my words.

The reason for my shame is a news story which I wrote last week, in which I cast doubt upon the medals won by the Israeli national team of chefs at the International Culinary Olympics in Frankfurt recently. Their medals, I implied, had been given to them simply because they participated in the event.

In fact, together with a number of other national teams, they reached fifth place. One reason for the mistake was the fact that in previous competitions, all the national teams received a medal. This year, the judges decided to be more selective.

That the Israelis received recognition is indeed extraordinary. For most countries, the national tourist authorities recognize that any honor won by their chefs casts glow upon the country and are only too willing to back their representative. In Israel, the team, led and selected

The price of glory

MATTERS OF TASTE/Haim Shapiro

by Avigdor Bruhn, president of the Israel Circle of Chefs, had literally to go begging for funds. Since all those who went are hotel chefs, their hotels paid the air fare, but the chefs still had to find backing for the materials and ingredients used.

Once in Frankfurt, they found themselves facing teams which had, like themselves, five chefs, but which came with back-up squads of up to 20 members. Some countries spent literally hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Israelis had a total budget of \$1,500.

They were lucky, however, in having as their liaison a woman who for many years had served as the secretary of the German chefs' association and who made their way through the

ins and outs of the contest far easier. But even she could not change the fact that to prepare the required assortment of cold platters and two hot main courses for the competition they had exactly a day and a half in a municipal kitchen.

It is interesting to note that the team had submitted recipes for eight dishes, of which two were to be prepared by the team and served in a local restaurant as main courses. The judges chose the two dishes which cost the least and sold for about eight marks apiece, or under ISL 400.

THE ISRAELIS prepared Cornish hens, glazed in honey and served with a Sabra sauce and St. Peter Hagail, in which the filleted Kin-

neret fish are served with a salmon mousse. Neither is exactly an easy dish, but both could be made at home by the determined amateur. The recipes are for four portions.

For the chicken, remove the backbone from four Cornish hens and open them up like butterflies, pounding them with the flat edge of a large knife to flatten them. A day before they are to be served, put them in a marinade made up of a glass of white wine, a glass of Sabra Liqueur, two bay leaves, a sliced carrot, a sliced onion, salt, pepper and a little shredded or ground ginger.

Remove the chicken from the marinade and boil down the marinade (with the vegetables) together with a glass of concentrated meat stock. The amateur will probably have to use broth from a cube, which is far less good, but will do.

Meanwhile, dry the chicken and pan fry it in a little oil on both sides. Then brush it with honey and put it in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Serve with the strained sauce. The chefs

served the Cornish hen with blanched and stir-fried strips of carrot, squash and red and white cabbage, arranged to form a nest, with three tiny potatoes inside.

For the fish dish, marinate eight fillets of St. Peter's fish in salt, pepper, lemon juice and parsley for a few hours. Meanwhile, cut 80 gm of frozen filleted salmon into small cubes and blend well in a blender or food processor with a tablespoon of heavy cream.

Arrange the fish on a baking dish with two fillets overlapping at an angle, piping a little of the salmon mixture at the point where they join. Pour a little white wine in the pan and bake for 10 minutes in a hot oven.

Meanwhile, prepare a sauce by boiling down separately two cups of fish broth and 100 gm. of heavy cream. When both are thick, blend them and add a teaspoon each of chopped chives and dill. The Israeli team served the fish with fingers of cooked carrot, squash, turnip and small potatoes in butter.

THE LONELY actor on the stage, with no one to exchange looks and speeches with, has a more difficult but in some respects an easier task than a member of a cast. His only partner is the audience, as Yossi Banai observed in a television interview; but this partner, though more responsive to the actor facing it directly than in passive observation of a plot unfolding as if the audience was not there, is a dangerous temptation for the serious actor. The direct address always (well, almost always) encourages the kind of mannerisms which are the hallmark of the cabaret performer. For he quite legitimately carries favour with his audience since he convulses with it, and has to attempt to make it like the contents of his "one-man stand."

This is dangerous, so that very few important works for single actors have been written by real dramatists (except Samuel Beckett of course). On two recent occasions good actors appeared in "monodramas," and clearly demonstrated the advantages and pitfalls for the actor with an audience as single partner. After watching them I have come to have an even greater respect for genuine dialogue.

Yossi Banai is one of the best actors on the Israeli stage today, and several of his performances stay vividly in the memory. But they are from years back. Yet even when he turned to light entertainment, he never lost his feeling for the art of the stage, and almost never descended to vulgarity and coarseness; he remained a pillar of good taste for a popular audience much corrupted by other actors. He must now be hugely enjoying himself playing the part of another actor, and a most spectacular one. Edmund Keen (1787-1833) was the prototype of the romantic actor, and as theatrical in his life as on the stage. Mendel Kohnsky provides an interesting account of his life in his posthumous book, *The Disreputable Profession*, in a chapter with the apt title, "The Demoniac Actor."

If one accepts the judgment of critics of that period - some of them great writers and knowledgeable theatre-goers - he must have been a great actor. Sometimes one gets the impression that the critic of a Keen performance has just been put through a wringer. He was "a consummate master of passionate expression," violent, impulsive, extravagant, but lacking grace, grandeur, and subtlety of characterization. He provided London, Paris and New York with a new conception of Shakespeare, but not a durable one. His acting was uneven, he was prone to temperamental outbursts, to sulking and depression. His life, also, was a work of art. It was not the product of a harmonious personality; it testified rather to a torn soul, a

Going it alone



Yossi Banai



Geraldine McEwan

THEATRE

Uri Rapp

dissolute character, and embodied the romantic, or Byronic, aesthetic of ugliness and despair. His womanizing destroyed the reputation he had acquired, and heavy drinking destroyed his health. He lost his following quite soon, and died at an early age.

THE FASCINATION of this man for Raymond Fittsimmons (the author of this monodrama), for Michael Gurevitz (the director), and for Yossi Banai (the actor), is obvious. Much of the criticism directed at Banai's performance - most of my colleagues did not like it - seems to ignore the fact that the hysterical ups and downs of his performance, the intense but superficial rendering of some of Shakespeare's greatest passages, may provide a true portrayal of Keen and his manner. But what

was new, and perhaps great, in the age of Byron and Victor Hugo may be difficult to accept today. I do not know if to show is a necessary part of a Romantic actor's skill. Certainly, Marcel Carné, in *Les Enfants du Paradis*, seemed not to think so. Banai's shouting is, sometimes, insupportable. He has also some unpleasant mannerisms acquired from cabaret work.

Banai does have his moments, and shows his abilities as a "theatre" actor. However, in his attempts at "legitimate" theatre, he trades on his huge popularity with the public. It may be that a critic shouldn't give advice to hard-working theatre people. However, it may be worth recalling that Alexandre Dumas (père), only three years after Keen's death, wrote a play about him for Frédéric Lemaître, a contemporary, and another great romantic actor. A hundred years later this play was adapted by Jean-Paul Sartre. The Dumas and the Sartre plays deserve local productions; they are less "historical" than the Fittsimmons monodrama but stronger in dialogue and ideas. To address the audience directly is best left to such playwrights as Brecht or Beckett, or Hanoch Levin.

GERALDINE McEWAN is also alone on the stage in *Two Inches of Ivory*, a rendering of excerpts from Jane Austen's novels. Her performance at the Cottesloe - the small hall of the London National Theatre - was brought to Israel by the British Council. McEwan is an important actress, with several impressive achievements. It is always a pleasure to observe such perfect technique and power over the audience, though the performance lacks versatility.

A few months back I saw Geraldine McEwan as Mrs. Malaprop in Sheridan's *The Rivals*, in London, and admired her very individual interpretation of the role. Her versions of Jane Austen have the same tongue-in-cheek sweetness, the same ingratiating manner spiced with a hidden sarcasm. The conjunction of actress and writer embodies some excellent English characteristics, but not in the best way. McEwan is very good in dialogues - she plays both parts - from *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, and *Emma*. The episodes she chooses are both amusing and satirical. The descriptive parts from *Persuasion*, for example, are weaker, and, in the end, a bit tiring. They demonstrate that Jane Austen should be read and not heard, should be slowly and patiently savoured. Moreover, the larger halls where Geraldine McEwan performed here deprive the performances of the required intimacy. Still, it is an enjoyable evening, especially if it makes one go back to Jane Austen.

BLESSED is the land that has two jazz festivals in one year. This time it's a feast of local artists in three huge programmes beginning tonight in Haifa (9 p.m. at Beit Abba Khoushy) and continuing next week in Tel Aviv (Sunday, 9 p.m. at Beit Leissin) and in Jerusalem (Thursday, 7 p.m. at the Jerusalem Theatre).

The featured artists include singer Nurit Galron, pianist Yoni Rechter in a premiere duet performance with bassist Alon Olarchik, flautist Albert Piamenta, percussionist Jerry Garval, singer Nissim Yemini, pianist Liz Magness, jazz-rockers Avi Adrian, Eli Meiri, Zami Trubelski, Shimon Marom and the bands *Sof Ha'ona* (End of the Season), *Tzili Shaken* (Neighbouring Note) and drummer Arel Kuminisky leading

Festivities

JAZZ, ETC.
Madeline L. Kind

his own quartet featuring Roman Kunzman, Danny Gottfried and Alon Olarchik. Well-known sidemen include Rami Levine, Morton Kamm, Eli Magen, Peter Wertheimer and Teddy Kling. An added feature is the Israeli Jazz Trio with singer Edna Goren, and last-minute additions may include Steve Ilorstein, Amikam Kummelman, and the Space Fusion Band.

Tickets for the Haifa show are available at Hataklit Records and at

the Gerber ticket agency; for the Tel Aviv gig at Beit Hataklit, the Kastel agency and at Beit Leissin, and for the Jerusalem performance at the Klatim agency, the Sapir music shop and at the Jerusalem Theatre. Co-sponsoring the festival with ECM music rep Avshalom Firjan is Macabee Beer - which promises free brew to the audience.

AND FOLK MUSIC: The Jacob's Ladder Folk Festival folk at Kibbutz Mahanayim in Upper Galilee remind us that their next get-togethers are slated for November 30, December 28 and January 25, with monthly programmes continuing on up to the Eighth Annual Jacob's Ladder on August 23. Musicians interested in participating are advised to contact Colin Friedman at 067-37115.

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TO BUILD UP a sizeable audience for cultural presentations and good music performances in outlying places takes a long time. Medium-sized towns like Netanya and Beer-sheba have been able to boast of orchestras of their own for the last 10 years or so, with accompanying chamber music ensembles. Lately, Kfar Sava has developed a most impressive venue for orchestral concerts and chamber music recitals at its Saphir Cultural Centre, with a wonderful audience available from surrounding villages and kibbutzim.

The closer such a population concentration is to one of the country's three main cities, the more difficult it seems to be to develop cultural activities on their own ground: people prefer to make a bit of a journey to hear the Israel Philharmonic or big-name groups and artists from abroad rather than encourage local talent.

In the north, the Haifa Symphony Orchestra is surely destined, in time, to provide concerts for Nahariya, Acre, Tiberias, Safad, Carmiel, etc. Its performing standards have considerably improved in the last few years under Urs Schneider, and past prejudices should be overcome and an effort made to go and hear it. Regrettably, the locations mentioned are not on the HSO's schedule.

FOLLOWING the footsteps of Isaac Stern last week, I visited two

Off the beaten track

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

smaller towns off the beaten music track: Afula and Arad. To my surprise, in both places I found an enthusiastic audience filling the hall to capacity.

In Afula, the auditorium of the Cultural Centre seats 600, which for this occasion – the IPO with Zubin Mehta and Isaac Stern as soloists – was extended to some 650. In Arad, the cinema's 820 seats were completely filled by Aradians and Beer-sheban, who didn't want to miss Isaac Stern. Both halls are pleasantly appointed, though acoustics are dry and somewhat dead.

In addition to that drawback, Afula has to contend with noise that infiltrates from the outside. When, in Mozart's Violin Concerto in A (No. 5), Stern raised his bow to start playing after the orchestral introduction, a police car passed by with its siren screaming. Stern waited with his bow suspended in mid-air, and Zubin Mehta followed suit with his downbeat frozen between heaven and earth.

Afula was having its first visit from the IPO in about 40 years! But I was told that other orchestras are

appearing there and a series of chamber music concerts is in progress, so hopefully the new centre is developing a healthy cultural life.

If only architects would take into consideration that music on a stage with no reflecting side walls and especially no ceiling over the stage, loses most of its acoustic properties, as sound rises and the curtains and open ceilings eat up most of the musical waves. The result is a dry, non-reverberating sound which is abhorrent to performing artists and unsatisfying to listeners. No great budget would be needed to make the improvements indicated and the heightened pleasure derived from a healthy, fresh and clear sound would surely enhance coming musical offerings.

In Arad, the Israel Sinfonietta of Beer-sheba was in attendance, having apparently added its neighbouring town to the ever-growing list of venues, which regularly includes Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Kfar Sava and Ashkelon. The ISB's chief conductor, Mendi Rodan, has raised its reputation to such a height that Isaac Stern went out of his way to demon-

strate his support for it and volunteered to play with it in Arad.

The loyalty of Beer-sheban was proven by the long convoys of cars winding their way from the Capital of the Negev to its sister city and back. At the reception held in the intermission, it was the mayor of Beer-sheba, Eliyahu Nawi, who greeted Stern, Rodan and the orchestra, with no mayor of Arad in sight.

This about finished Stern's hectic visit, which was supposed to be limited to a few appearances with the Israel Philharmonic in Tel Aviv, but which in fact included for young students a seminar at Kibbutz Ein Hashofet; a concert at Ein Hod Artists' Village (to help its flagging budget for development); a benefit recital in Jerusalem for Ilan Alon (the institutions for handicapped children), which was particularly successful. Board meetings of the Jerusalem Music Centre, innumerable auditions and talks occupied the violinist's few spare daytime hours, and one wonders where he found the drive and energy to stand up in the evening and play as he did.

THE FIRST Conductors' Competition held by the Haifa Symphony Orchestra took place last week (as reported by our Haifa music correspondent). The results were certainly unimpressive. No first prize was awarded – a practice which has be-



Isaac Stern

come quite common lately in international competitions when no outstanding talents come to the fore.

In this instance, the first prize should go to the members of the HSO, who dutifully and patiently performed for long hours under the direction of the young candidates, without showing any signs of irritation. The ordeal of facing 13 ambitious and eager, if mostly hopeless and helpless "conductors" is enormous, and the attitude of the musicians deserves the highest praise. They played much better than they were asked to by the young aspirants on the conductor's rostrum.

It brought to mind the old joke about the orchestra leader who consoles a nervous conducting neophyte and advises him, "Just give the up-beat and then don't put up any resistance. The orchestra will do the rest quite satisfactorily by itself." □

EVEN IN THE "off-season," New York is, for dance, like a boiling cauldron. In three weeks I found so much to watch that it was a matter of deciding what not to see.

The Merce Cunningham Company at the Joyce Theatre was, oddly, a disappointment. Though the audience was ecstatic, Cunningham, 65, looked older and arthritic. His choreography, where new, was predictable, and where "quoted" from past works was bitsy.

Not so the Dance Theatre of Harlem at the City Centre. There the programme began with a superbly sleek performance of Balanchine's *Agon* – not surprising, since co-director Arthur Mitchell is a former leading dancer of Balanchine's company. Then came a spell-weaving *Gaude*, faithful to the classical tradition, but set in old-time Louisiana with its upper-class Creoles and bayou peasants, instead of old-time Rhineland. The Willis seemed to emanate from the background of swamps and marshes, although their costumes were too Grecian.

Of the modern groups I saw, neither the Lillo Way nor the Rebecca Kelly companies at the Marymount Theatre showed any noteworthy choreography, but the dancing here and everywhere was excellent.

At the Riverside Dance Festival, to which director David Manion invited me, Douglas Nielson appeared in a "Choreo Showcase." Israelis

will remember him as a member of the Batseva Company while Paul Sanasardo was director. He looks slimmer now – and is dancing better too. His choreography has two duets (with different women), never dwarfing the dance motifs.

Before my visit to the Riverside Church theatre, the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble had performed; and for December, beyond my reach, Ze'eva Cohen and Dancers and Anna Sokolow's Dancers' Project are among the scheduled companies. David Manion told me that about 60 companies a year appear at Riverside, totalling more than 200 performances.

At the Joffrey School, I "sat in" at a class given by former Joffrey star Scott Barnard. What impressive dancers! Yet he kept on making little improvements, kindly but firmly. Other classes where I "sat in" were two by Danilova at the School of American Ballet (linked to the New York City Ballet). The great ballerina conducted the classes dressed in a leotard and a diaphanous skirt – her face still beautiful, her body slender, but her walk betrayed her 80 years. When, however, she indicated foot movements at the barre, there was glamour aplenty. Another exciting class was that of Andrei Kramarevsky, whose directions were quite magical.

At the Juilliard School, Dr. Martha Hill, head of the Dance

New York notebook



Les Ballets Jazz of Montreal.

DANCE
Dora Sowden

Division, made me welcome in her warm, inimitable way. I watched several classes – classical (by

Michael Maule); modern (by a vibrant Japanese teacher called Hira-bayashi); and Indian, which a lovely teacher called Indrani told me she based on Bharata Natyam and which reminded me of the lines: "Where the hand goes there also go the eyes; where the eyes go there should go the mind."

At a rehearsal of Jose Limon's *Missa Brevis* directed by Daniel Lewis and Laura Glenn and danced by Juilliard students and alumni, I met Rahel Palnick of Galilee. She is in her fourth year and should be a distinct asset when she returns.

ARRIVING IN London, I saw the name of Panova in lights at the Palace Theatre where *On Your Toes* was drawing full houses. She had replaced Makarova as the temperamental Vera Baranovskaya in the Rodgers-Hart musical, as on Broadway. And you can take it from the London critics, as well as from the public and myself, that she glitters in her own right.

David Dougill (*The Sunday Times*) wrote: "She looks very glamorous and dances the climactic jazz ballet *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* with thrilling abandon. This number (Balanchine's choreography) makes much more impact now than when the revival opened."

There was not much else in London dance worth writing home about. The Royal Ballet hadn't begun. The Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet was

away touring. A Spanish company on a Sunday night in the West End did not measure up to our own Silvia Duran or, for that matter, her students or, indeed, Dalia Low in her Spanish programmes.

But Richard Harris's comedy *Stepping Out* turned out to be an entertaining "lesson" on how to become a tap dancer. Obviously it was not intended to be a dance show – but it is. Tap dancing has made a great comeback, and one of the best numbers in *On Your Toes* pits a classical group against a tap group with dazzling effect.

JAZZ DANCE is coming to us from abroad. Les Ballets Jazz of Montreal is due here by the time this column appears. It comes under the auspices of the Canadian Ambassador Vernon Turner, and will appear in Tel Aviv on November 10, in Haifa on November 12, in Beer-sheba on November 16, in Jerusalem on November 17, in Givat Haim on November 19 and again in Tel Aviv on November 20-21.

The company, started 10 years ago, numbers 16 dancers and has already toured widely in the United States, Europe and South America as well as Canada. Composers have written music specially for the company, and the choreographers in the repertoire include such names as Louis Falco, Darrell Gray and Buzz Miller.

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PRACTICAL JOKES are by their very nature irresponsible but, and it's a very big but, they are usually fairly harmless.

"Man is the animal most capable of suffering," wrote Nietzsche, "and he had to invent laughter to preserve his sanity." Ego-deflation may even be considered in a very positive light and it is certainly of immense benefit to learn to suffer fools - whether gladly or not - since there seem to be so many about.

There is one simple difference, however, between practical jokes and matters which interest the Director of Public Prosecutions, such as three-card monte, baneo, chuck-a-luck or the Spanish prisoner con. When Victor "the Count" Laing sold the Filled Tower for scrap in 1922, it wasn't simply a sidesplitting prank, but a con that netted him \$125,000.

In comparison, when Sulun Osman sold the Galata Bridge, spanning the Golden Horn, to a passing Turk in 1936, it was a snip at \$2,000. Don't laugh, it could happen to you. In fact it even happened to P.T. Barnum, who coined the phrase "There's a sucker born every minute," yet was himself taken for \$500,000 in 1885 when he invested in a swindle called the Jerome Clock Company.

Muriarty's *Manual of Police Law* spells out the essential difference between the activities of pranksters and hucksters; fraud is defined as "by a deceit, obtaining pecuniary benefit."

There you have it; a joke's a joke and a hoax is a hoax, as long as your bank balance isn't improved as a result. This puts the tasteless Yentl-Grams, Gobba-Grams and Blasher-Grams that I mentioned recently in an interesting light. Neither pranksters nor swindlers, they belong in an entirely new category - practical-joke mercenaries. The trendy London magazines make this abundantly clear in their classified ads, one of which announces: "Practical jokes. We start where *Candid Camera* left off. Britain's only customized pranks service. Pranksters 01-348-7506."

The off-the-peg japes and wheezes offered are unbelievably vulgar, aimed not so much at low-brows as the completely browless: "Is there a shit in your life? Send him/her a pile of shit cunningly simulated in appearance, exquisitely gift-wrapped." Another firm offers a complementary - this time aural - service in equally questionable taste: "Fart! Stereo cassette of appalling flatulence. Horrid gift." The ultimate shaming horror, intended for the Framing of the Few, is designed to titillate the neighbours and even the postman: "Cringe your enemies with Insulting Envelope Stickers, e.g. 'VD Clinic - Urgent Report.'"

If these are a sample of some of the ready-made jokes available, what can the euphemistically-named "Pranksters" possibly offer? Are they staffed by *Totenkopf* SS veterans and do they stock bubonic plague bacilli and flamethrowers?

THE OLD-STYLE practical joker was satisfied with a few chuckles when his Whoopee Cushion (By appointment to HRH the Prince of Wales) was sat on by an unsuspecting victim. The new mercenaries are laughing all the way to the bank. Allen Funt, the 20th century Peeping Tom who pioneered the *Candid Camera* programmes mentioned in the Pranksters ad, turned tasteless voyeurism into big business - the size of which can be gauged by the fact that the programme remained in the Top Ten for many years.

In all honesty, though, I must admit that from time to time Funt has had me rolling in the aisles, even

though I usually measure his programme - now playing on Jordan TV - by the finch. There was the classic of the car rolling up to the filling station at the bottom of a hill and the utter disbelief of the attendant who, after opening the hood, found that the engine was missing. "It was there," the woman driver assured him, "a while ago."

Occasionally Funt touches Lewis Carroll heights of nonsense, such as the episode of the elephant trying to climb into a phone box. "Honey, you won't believe this," the alarmed occupant told his wife at the other end of the line, "but there's an elephant trying to get into the booth!" "Well, John," she said, "what does he want?"

There was a surrealist flavour, too, to the item about an unbelieving steel-worker being exhorted to join a ballet class. "The only thing we insist upon," the bewildered hardhat was told in a voice of sweet reason, "is that you bring your own leotard." As Will Rogers once said, "Everything is funny as long as it is happening to somebody else."

In 1970, Funt produced *What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?*, a full-length feature that generally provoked sympathetic laughter as various people tried to deal as decently as they possibly could with the totally unexpected appearance of a nude woman in their midst. One unforgettable touch in the movie was a sight gag that Mack Sennett could never have got away with in the Golden Age of Slapstick; as some elderly women passed a nude statue, the fig-leaf covering its naughty bits suddenly began to revolve like a propeller.

TO BE FAIR, Allen Funt seems to have given more thought to walking the tightrope between humour and malevolence than his British imitator, Jonathan Routh, or our home-grown copycats such as Yehuda Barkan, Boaz Davidson and Zvi Shisel. The Davidson/Shisel team once made a full-length feature, *It's a Funny World*, that was produced by Menachem Golin and may have been one of the reasons why his operation was often referred to as the Golan Depths.

Yehuda Barkan, a consummately able actor in his own right who is wasted in this sort of nonsense, was unfortunate enough to be sued last April by one of his victims and forced to cut an episode from his *Candid Camera*-type film, *The Big Laugh*. A girl who was pretending to demonstrate a new range of cosmetics had invited the plaintiff-in-front of the concealed camera - to compare two deodorants by sniffing her armpits. I couldn't help feeling that this was somehow symbolic of the whole genre.

The trouble is, of course, that the Haifa Magistrates' Court must have helped enormously in promoting the film. The *Post*, for example, devoted nine inches to the story, although it hadn't even bothered to review the movie. Roger Moffat, a very talented though controversial broadcaster, understood this principle perfectly. A few years ago, when he was sacked from the BBC for the third or fourth time he knew it was final when he read it on the evening newspaper billboards. His indignation knew no bounds, as they say, and I can imagine him crying "Infamy, Infamy! They've got it in for me!" Recovering his composure, he rented Alfred's news-stand, opposite the front door of Broadcasting House and did a roaring trade selling newspapers and shouting "Read All About Me!"

THE SIMPLE practical joke, the Sport of Creeps, sometimes has

A lesser Lessing



WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

ritual significance. Apprentices in factories or new recruits in the army were expected to weather a few of these simple-minded tricks to show they were good sports and could take a joke - as well as providing some much-needed light relief. The trivial round, the common task, do not furnish all we ought to ask, apparently, so newcomers were routinely sent to fetch left-handed hammers or a pot of elbow-grease. Old sweats would despatch squads for a bucket of sky-hooks or send them off to paint the Last Post.

This ritual harassment of the newcomer with requests for "a bubble for the spirit level" or some "red-white-and-blue paint" are doubly childish, in that the gags are extremely unsophisticated and the capacity to enjoy them is undiminished by endless repetition. This makes the rare twist to the story all the more enjoyable.

While painting huge displays for Lewis's Manchester store, a part of my chequered career I usually prefer to forget, I heard a lad being sent to the drilling department for a dozen half-inch diameter holes. "What'll I fetch them in, then?" he asked the foreman, who handed him his cap.

He came back 10 minutes later with the foreman's cap, through which some wag had neatly punched half a dozen holes.

"THE MOST difficult character in comedy," Cervantes once said, "is the fool, and he must be no fool who plays the part," a dictum that is usually ignored by the average practical joker.

Some, a very few, occasionally show a spark of creativity and their antics have been collected in H. Allen Smith's 1953 classic, *The Complete Practical Joker*, which has now been supplemented by Richard Boston's *Book of Practical Jokes* (Fontana, £1.50).

A very large statue of King Alfred the Great dominates a square in Winchester that also features a public convenience, Boston relates. One dark night, some students painted footprints from the feet of the statue down the steps to the Gents and back again.

The same principle, of forcing people to jump to a completely unwarranted conclusion with the "ocular proof" that Othello set such great store by, was employed by Hugh Troy, one of the great American pranksters, who one night deposited a quantity of burglar's tools and a number of empty frames outside the Metropolitan Museum, prompting a frantic stocktaking the next day. If Troy could somehow reverse the trick he ought to be invited to become our next finance minister or governor of the Bank of Israel, and to produce the illusion of foreign currency reserves.

Troy, however, preferred tricks to politics and once placed a horribly shrivelled "Van Gogh's Ear" on exhibit when the artist's paintings were shown at the Museum of Modern Art. The ear completely stole the show.

Deflating pride, pomp and circumstance almost legitimizes practical joking. A very distinguished professor at Gonville and Caius, Cambridge, once occupied ground-floor rooms whose windows, facing onto Trinity Street, were barred. One evening, an idle and mischievous student who occupied a set of rooms immediately above let down his chamber-pot on a string and repeatedly tapped it against the professor's window. Exasperated, the old boy grabbed the pot, whereupon the student immediately let go of the string. The offending vessel couldn't be withdrawn though the bars and the prof didn't want to let it shatter in the street. While he was pondering

this problem, Boston reports, a number of passersby chose to assume that he was collecting for charity and dropped small coins in the chamber-pot.

Sometimes, however, it is the academics (or ministers of energy, for that matter) who dish out practical jokes. "When I was a child, I spake as a child," St. Paul wrote in the Corinthians, "but when I became a man I put away childish things." This is all very well, Boston reminds us, but not everyone grows up to be so unchildish. R.W. Wood, an American physicist, used to delight in placing a spinning gyroscope inside a suitcase before inviting a porter to pick it up and follow him. Everything would appear to be normal until the redcap tried to turn right at a corner and met unexpected resistance from the suitcase. I wish more of our voters would follow its example.

I must admit that I'm not too keen on scientific aids for pranksters, having long ago discovered the obtuseness of inanimate objects for myself without R.W. Wood's assistance. I prefer the blind forces of Nature and appreciated the efforts of *Parasit* to find out if Keats was right:

Who, of men, can tell
That flowers would bloom...

My colleague Judy Siegel has fixed up her cubicle in a way that makes the Hanging Gardens of Babylon look like one of the more inhospitable tracts of the Sahara. Dry Bones and another rascal, who shall remain nameless, once spent several months trying to persuade Judy that one of her hardy annuals should have bloomed although she insisted that it should not. Deciding on a change of paste, they spent an entire afternoon with a Sello tape dispenser, so that when she returned from an assignment she found that her plant had turned into a flowering riot of unbelievable colours, a sort of Floral and Hardy.

THE PRINCE OF practical jokes was undoubtedly Horace de Vere Cole who, apart from minor episodes such as digging up Piccadilly, once organized a visit by the "Emperor of Abyssinia" and his retinue - one of whom was Virginia Woolf in false whiskers - to the highly-secret flagship of the Royal Navy, *HMS Dreadnought*.

Horace was still at it in his dotage, according to David Gurnea. When an irritated fellow-diner at the old Café Royal quoted at him Shakespeare's lines: "How ill will humours become a fool and jester," Horace left abruptly and returned within the hour, his hair and beard Wilhelm moustache dyed bright vermilion. "Better?" he enquired.

He got his comeuppance when he was on the receiving end of what I believe to be the greatest practical joke of all time: his sister married Neville Chamberlain.

LITERARY HOAXES began with Rabelais, who published to fictional almanacs parodying the genre, and are still going strong.

If you are the sort of music lover who enjoys the longuines of *Allegro*, the TV quiz and has £950 to spare, I advise you to buy the 20 volumes of *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. This includes an entry on the Danish composer Esrum-Legion, who also contributed the articles on Sibelius and other Scandinavian composers. There is one small difficulty, however, Esrum-Legion is the name of a Danish railway line.

Like many victims of swindlers, I am not even sure I've been diddled, but I had serious misgivings when I

recently read *The Fontana Biographical Companion to Modern Thought*. The article on Klima, by Robert B. Pysent, lecturer in Czech and Slovak language and literature at the University of London, gave me furiously to think. It runs, in part: "Klima, Ladislav (1878-1928). Czech philosopher and novelist... lived off a large inheritance on Bohemia, Switzerland and Austria, drinking and gambling; when the money was gone he lived in a Prague hotel, shining shoes, eating vermin and drinking spirits."

Perhaps some literate, middle-aged, Czech-born reader can help me sort it out?

Doris Lessing was once described in *Time* magazine as one of the world's greatest living writers. Last month, she revealed that three years ago a novel she had tried to sell under an assumed name was turned down by both her hardback and her paperback publishers and, when Michel Joseph did finally issue the novel, it sold 2,000 instead of her usual half million. Nearly all the reviewers ignored it. I can't quite decide whether her little deception succeeded or not.

IT HAS BEEN suggested that April Fool's Day originates in Hilaria, the feast of merriment, when Romans who'd had enough *pictas, gravitas* and *dignitas* all year round let their hair down. At all events, it was well-established in England by April 2, 1688, when *Danvers News Letter* reported that "yesterday being April 1, several people were sent to the Tower to watch the annual lion-washing ceremony."

More recent manifestations have included Richard Dimbleby's 1957 TV broadcast on "the spaghetti harvest" in the Ticino. An anti-Catholic jibe has it that they are required to believe six impossible things before breakfast. So are all other faiths who are regular newspaper readers, particularly on April 1. In 1977, for example, the *Guardian* published a seven-page special supplement to mark "the 10th anniversary of the independence of San Serifo," a completely mythical banana republic military dictatorship. Two years later, the *Observer* devoted a whole page to the news that round-the-world trips taking only a few minutes were now possible. "Prof. Koyo Takakashi of Kyoto University" had discovered a way to miniaturize human beings and shoot them in projectile along laser beams. Thousands of readers signed up for the inaugural trip.

Last year, the *Daily Star* solemnly reported that the Eurovision Song Contest would be broadcast without sound, contestants being judged "on general appearance and presentation, movement and hair styles," hardly from my point of view a fate worse than deaf.

Everybody got into the act. Ken Livingstone, chairman of the Greater London Council, turned up this year on TV's *A.M.* programme to announce a scheme that sounded suspiciously like the new traffic arrangements at the entrance to Jerusalem. Cars would drive on the right from May 1, said Ken, buses from June 1.

There was a bit of a setback on another channel. ITV's *Good Morning Britain* programme displayed a fake newspaper headline, "Libya Death Threat to Albert Tatlock," a character in the long-playing soap opera, *Coronation Street*. What made it so desperately awkward was that the item was followed almost immediately by the morning news, which quite truthfully reported that 81-year-old Jack Howarth, who played Mr. Albert, had died during the night.

IF, ON THE other hand, the president yields to our persuasion, and coughs up an adequate quantity of billions, two grave problems will still face us as a result of the demise of the shekel. What name shall we give our new currency? Whose face should appear on it?

In Holland they have a coin called a rik-dollar, so we could go higher in the alphabet and have a rik-dollar, to distinguish it from a real dollar. Or, better still, we could call ours a lo-dollar, i.e. a no-dollar. A side benefit of the lo-dollar is that tourists would have to attend *alpanin* to learn that lo-dollar does not mean "Lo and behold! A dollar!" Thus we

FROM ALL THE economic news, commentaries and discussions that have dominated our television screens in recent weeks, to the point of becoming tedious despite their importance, one thing has become clear: the day when the shekel is gathered to the bosom of Abraham is on hand. Somewhere in that paradise to which dead coinages go, the shekel will soon be playing its harp, or whatever the spirits of currencies do in heaven, alongside the pound, the piastre, the grush, the pruta, the agora and the lira.

The burning question of the hour is what we will get next. The probability is that it will be the dollar, especially now that we have been informed that "government officials insist that the dollarization scheme in all its forms is dead." Long experience has taught us that there is nothing like a government statement that something is dead to imbue it with immense vitality.

Thinking of dollarization for Israel makes me realize how easy it should be for Prime Minister Shimon Peres to whip the U.S. president into line. It is conceivable that, after the American elections, Ronald Reagan or Walter Mondale may feel that, in office for four years, he can refuse to give us the billions and billions of dollars we need to support us in the style to which we have become accustomed, and to which we are entitled by divine law.

All Peres needs to do to make the president behave is to threaten to make the dollar our official currency. One can imagine Reagan or Mondale, faced with so awful a prospect, turning as pale and wan as a rejected lover. In the light of the speed with which Israel has debased so many currencies, one can imagine the shattering impact we will have on the purchasing power of the dollar.

Some wise economist commented once that, when the United States sneezes, the world gets pneumonia. The prospect of an Israeli takeover of the greenback should bring panic-stricken delegations of financiers, economists and statesmen from all parts of the Western world to Jerusalem to plead with us to lay off the dollar. The IMF, the OSE, the FBI, the KGB, the ICA, NSB, every kind of acronym ever created with regard to money, not to mention institutions with real names like Chase Manhattan, Rothschild, the Bank of England and the estate of Howard Hughes will offer us the world if we save the dollar by leaving it alone.

If they do not come up with the right price, and we should be compelled to go ahead with our threat to dollarize, we shall become the economic mentors of the world. Just as, in the '50s and '60s, we sent our agricultural experts to teach the Third World how to irrigate and to farm, so we will send our wizards out to teach the ignorant how to survive with 1,000 per cent inflation. It will be Harry Truman's Point Four Programme in reverse. There's glory for you.

Incidentally, I am afraid that our ancestors were rather backward. A sad note in the dictionary tells us: "The Hebrews tended to be slow in minting money...possibly because they would not make the image of a ruler or even an animal." We have certainly made progress since then: we must hold the world record for the speed with which we print our bank-notes. Perhaps there is a halachic explanation of why we have moved so far ahead of the ancient Israelis: there may be a distinction between a face on a coin and one on a bank-note. I leave the question to wiser heads than mine.

Whatever name we give the currency, we should make bluebacks, to distinguish them from greenbacks, and to reflect our mood. But whose countenance should adorn whatever new bank-note we issue? At first the

Blackmail and bluebacks



Olivier as Shylock - our bankers' hero.

TELEREVIEW/Philip Gillon

would spread the wonders of our language, as well as of our financial system.

But strong objections to the appellation "lo-dollar" will certainly come from the Hebrew Language Academy, which will oppose the official use of a hybrid of our noble tongue in association with a low-caste North American word. For these purists, and for proud nationalists, I have good news: we have not by any manner of means exhausted the names of currencies used by our forefathers. According to *Harper's Bible Dictionary*, we still have available such impressive possibilities as the "talent," the "mina" and the "drachm."

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question inspires the dismaying thought: is there anyone left who has not yet been used?

But more mature reflection brings many possible faces to mind. All the ministers of finance under the Likud should inspire happy memories of the boom part of our boom-and-bust cycle. Feuchtwanger's Jew Süss was a great financier - but wait, I think the whole point of the novel was that he wasn't really a Jew. Shylock - he would be the hero of our bankers, although his pound of flesh interest was mild compared to what they impose on overdrafts.

In the light of the disrepute our bank-notes have brought to the memories of Montefiore, Rothschild, Ben-Gurion, Jabotinsky, Eshkol and Henrietta Szold, as they declined so rapidly in value, another fruitful field of blackmail becomes open to us. Organizers of campaigns for the UJA and Israel Bonds can drop hints to reluctant donors that, unless they trouble their contributions, their physiognomies will appear on our talents, or minas, or drachms, thereby undermining their financial standing for all time.

TWO VERY GOOD programmes on Sunday night dealt with anonymous heroes and heroines. One was *Nameless*, a ballet performed by the Israel Ballet, and the other was *The Unknown Pioneer*, a documentary about the Third Aliya.

Nameless was dedicated to Raul Wallenberg, the Swedish diplomat who saved thousands of Jews from the Nazis, and was rewarded by the

Russians for doing so by being sent to Siberia, where he may still be living. Choreographer Bertha Yampolsky achieved some imaginative and nightmarish effects to give us a blond-chilling voyage into man's inhumanity to man.

The *Unknown Pioneer* was very different from the usual run of trips down memory lane into the brave days of old. Instead of hearing the memories of survivors, we were shown sculptures, paintings and films, in which the *Idutim* were depicted in the art of their era as epic figures, larger than life.

I wonder how imaginative filmmakers of the future will see the heroes and heroines of the Israel of the latter half of 1984, and whom they will use as models for legendary figures, like the members of the Third Aliya? I suggest that they use a meek, inoffensive, courteous, bespectacled man, spending hours in bank queues, trying somehow to defend the rapidly declining purchasing power of his money, and having to withstand the inroads of queue-crashers who claim that they were standing ahead of him, but were summoned for a quick word with the manager. The hero will be an equally gentle woman, running at high speed around supermarkets, hypermarkets and bazaar markets, in a vain search to find out what the correct cost of commodities should be.

These are the nameless, unknown, unsung heroes of our day. Let us cherish them, as we do the survivors of the Third Aliya.

IT is obviously premature to comment in depth about the assassins who fired the rocket at the Arab bus, as the crime is still under investigation. So we must not say out loud who we think blotted the honour of the Israeli nation and the Jewish people.

But one aspect of the deed of shame can be considered - the letter, which was read to us slowly and carefully on television. An English MP told me once how he got into trouble with his agent during an election campaign. After a long day of door-to-door canvassing, in which he had shaken thousands of hands, kissed hundreds of babies and smiled a million smiles, he said with a complacent sigh, "I think it went very well." "Not bad," said the agent glumly. "But it's a great pity you're not a hanger."

I have always been opposed to capital punishment. The aim of punishment is presumably to reform and to deter. Killing somebody is hardly likely to reform him, to make him decide to lead a better life. As to the deterrent effect of judicial murder on others, since most murderers intend not to be caught, they are as little deterred by somebody else being hanged as they are by that person being imprisoned.

In the case of terrorists, there is an added argument against hanging, as Moshe Dayan pointed out. Knowing they will be executed, they will fight to the death, perhaps killing soldiers or police who would otherwise have lived. True, these are not women or children, but their lives must have some value.

Apart from the other demerits of capital punishment, it appeals to the vilest emotions of the least attractive members of our society, people like Meir Cohen-Avidov M.K.

Still, we must never make prejudices of our principles, we should always allow exceptions. The letter found at the scene of the crime urges the need for capital punishment for terrorists. I am prepared to make a concession: if these terrorists who fired the rocket are caught, they should be hanged in Zion Square.

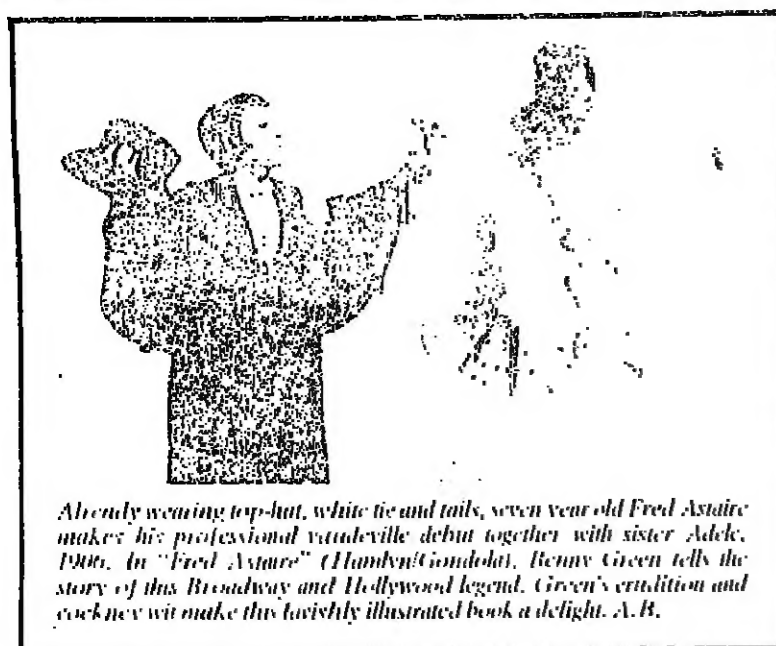
BROADWAY cracked with young, glad-to-be-alive energy in the Twenties and Thirties. Slick, tough, fast "modernism" was busting out all over. Playwright Eugene O'Neill Freudianized sex in *The Hairy Ape*. *Strange Interlude*, *Mourning Becomes Electra* and *Desire Under the Elms*. Mae West satirized it in her play *Sex*, until the New York Police Department closed the show in mid-performance, cutting off the star-author and the cast. Politics arrived with a bang when William Holtho peopled the stage with topical German street revolutionaries shouting it out with the Law. For the first time on Broadway, a play peppered its audience with four letter words; after a performance of Stallings and Anderson's *What Price Glory?*, a prim old lady, visiting from Iowa, was heard to murmur, "Where the hell are my Goddamned glasses?"

"It was a time," as Martin Gottfried says in his compact, elegantly written biography of producer-director J. Edgar Harris, "of floridity, of camps and panthers on leashes, of Rudolph Valentino and Bela Lugosi. It was not so odd to live life in purple."

Personally and professionally, J. Edgar Harris epitomized this world. His first successful play *Broadway*, in 1926, "initiated a tradition that would ever be associated with the place Broadway. It was to be a theatre in his image: clever, tense, urban, dynamic, and, above all, contemporary. He was, therefore, not just presenting 'Broadway' but Broadway." This backstage cabaret melodrama was followed by three more hits in the short space of 15 months: George Abbott's drama of the South, *Couquet*, starring Helen Hayes; the George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber satire of the Barrymore acting clan, *The Royal Family*; and the Ben Hecht and Charles McArthur classic about Chicago newspaper life, *The Front Page*. By 1928, J. Edgar Harris, born Yakov Horowitz, was making \$40,000 a week, and his picture appeared on the cover of *Time*.

According to almost every critic, he could do no wrong. Stark Young, the leading intellectual of the day and a Chekhov expert, heaped praise on Harris's brilliant idea of having the character played by Lilian Gish in Harris's production of *Uncle Vanya* flit across the stage without speaking, to establish the mood of the play.

Gottfried provides an absorbing



Already wearing top-hat, white tie and tails, seven year old Fred Astaire makes his professional vaudeville debut together with sister Adele, 1906. In "Fred Astaire" (Chambers/Goddard), Henry Green tells the story of this Broadway and Hollywood legend. Green's erudition and cockney wit make this twistily illustrated book a delight. A.B.

Great White Way

J. EDGAR HARRIS: THE CURSE OF GENIUS by Martin Gottfried. Boston, Toronto, Little, Brown and Company. 280 pp. \$19.95.

NOTES ON A COWARDLY LION by John Lahr. New York, Limelight Editions. 394 pp. No price stated.

SLINGS AND ARROWS by Robert Lewis. New York, Stein and Day. 360 pp. \$18.95.

Seymour Geldin

description of a rehearsal of *The Green Bay Tree*, in which Harris replaces pages of explanatory dialogue with a few simple actions, adding enormous impact by implying the theme instead of stating it. Later, he directed Thornton Wilder's deeply sentimental play about American small town life, *Our Town*, in a totally unsentimental manner, and without scenery. The effect left Brooks Atkinson of *The New York Times* sobbing.

Moss Hart, in his autobiography, *Act One*, wrote that every playwright of that time prayed, "Please God, let J. Edgar Harris do my play!"

BUT J. EDGAR HARRIS the man barely measured up to J. Edgar Harris the producer-director. His method of

short years of incredible, dazzling success, J. Edgar Harris fell into a long decline. He died of emphysema a few years ago.

The question hangs in the air: was J. Edgar Harris all that good as a producer-director? Gottfried's estimate: "We may believe descriptions of performances of Bunge, Kean, the Barrymores or Duse but we can never experience them. These are performing arts. Only the medium endures. Most likely Harris's directing genius would seem old-fashioned to us. But he was a genius of the stage according to the standards and values by which he worked; a genius of his time."

LIFE WAS BEING lived more in the grey of the Depression than the purple of the Twenties when actor-director Robert Lewis came together with the Group Theatre. But the idealism and the enthusiasm were unflagging. Led by Lee Strasberg, Harold Clurman and Stella Adler, this theatrical organization leaned heavily towards the Moscow Art Theatre and the presentation of radical leftist social ideas. They offered some of the most provocative plays on Broadway during the Thirties, and raised the hackles of the House Un-American Activities Committee in the Fifties.

In his gregarious, lively autobiography Lewis tells about the opening night of Clifford Odets's *Waiting for Lefty*, in which Lewis played a small role: "a night to remember...the dialogue, aside from the social comment, reflected a kind of street poetry that brought rous of approval from the audience...no one left the premises after the wild ovation at the finish. Hordes of people stormed backstage to get a glimpse, not only of the actors, but of this fellow Odets."

Lewis and Strasberg differed fundamentally in their interpretation of the Moscow Art Theatre's Stanislavski acting style. Strasberg evolved "The Method," a "let-it-all-hang-out" approach, epitomized by Marlon Brando, in which the actor attempts to find a justification for his role, a "handle," entirely from within his own experience. Lewis's interpretation is to have the actor understand his role not only on the basis of his own experience, but also within the context and style of the play itself. "The Method," used in Strasberg's "Actor Studio," has been adopted by leading Hollywood and Broadway performers for the past 30

years, and, I Lewis feels, has severely limited the ability of the American actor to play a wide variety of roles.

Lewis achieved commercial success on Broadway with his production of William Saroyan fantasies in the late Thirties, and, later, the musical *Brigadoon* and the comedy *Tedhouse of the August Moon*. Robert Lewis has varied his Broadway career with teaching, particularly at the Yale Drama School, and, ever the optimist, he continues, even in his seventies, to teach and establish theatre throughout the country.

JOHN LAHR notes at the beginning of his biography (now available in paperback) of his star comic-actor father Bert Lahr that he dreamed of his father one night and woke up crying. The incident apparently prompted this book, but, unfortunately, the author's catharsis is the reader's tedium.

Ordinarily a perceptive, intelligent writer, Lahr allowed himself to get carried away. There are pages and pages of pointless appendices that give his father's vaudeville and stage routines verbatim. Moliere Bert Lahr was not. He built a 40-year career as a wild, zany character, subduing it and making it more sophisticated by working with performers like Bea Lillie and Ethel Merman. He even became the darling of the intellectuals when he played one of the tramps in Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. But Lahr's career was summed up by actor Frank Morgan when he told him that playing the cowardly lion in *The Wizard of Oz* "will make you a big hit, but it won't do you any good....You're playing an animal."

Looking back at the Twenties and Thirties of Harris, Lewis and Lahr is like looking back at a time as misty as Arthurian legend. The stars, actors, writers, producers, directors and critics who buttressed the Broadway that was on everyone's lips have vanished. What is left is a Broadway whose cultural role has diminished enormously. Today, there are the closed, airless plays of Tom Stoppard and Lanford Wilson, the grey world of Athol Fugard and Harold Pinter, the quirky-funny plays of Wasserstein and Simon and Allen. There are \$45 tickets for theatre parties for the shrinking number of theatre fanatics, and for the intellectuals. If you want the Broadway of excitement and adventure and unquenchable optimism, you must read about it.

THOSE OF US born after the founding of the State of Israel often take the miracle for granted. The path towards Jewish nationhood was never smooth: we forget this. The fact that the Jews managed to transform their tenuous existence into a rooted one, with no power base of their own, and nothing to offer the land's official rulers — first the Turks, and then the British — needs recounting.

Clive Irving's *Promise the Earth* revolves around this miraculous event. His novel is set in the period where the promise of Jewish nationhood began to suggest more than the wishful dream of elderly men. Yet he demonstrates just how tenuous Jewish life here was. His specific period is World War I rather than the Holocaust and its aftermath. He gives us a vivid picture of the different elements fighting for the country.

Irving's fiction utilizes many real people. Among them are Sarah and Aaron Aaronsohn, and Abshalom Feinberg, members of Nili — the Jewish underground organization which supplied the British with information about the Turks. Irving inserts Asa Koblenksky, a young Russian army deserter, and an avid believer in the Jewish homeland, into Nili, and weaves his tale around the group's many tribulations. Those of us too young to remember first-hand this phase of Palestinian Jewish history will be amazed to realize how deeply the Jews of Zichron Ya'akov resented Nili. Jews dolefully accept Turkish rule, some actually as collaborators. A rabbi witnesses Sarah's torture, and rules: "for the informer, there is no hope."

KOBLENKSKY travels to Cairo to offer Nili's services to the British. He meets Vladimir Jabotinsky and T.E. Lawrence. Recognizing that no tale about this period is complete without these two colourful men, Irving has worked them in carefully. But he does not allow the real-life figures of his novel to overshadow the fictional ones. He invents also the assimilated Michael Bron, a rich English Jew serving in Palestine and married to Tessa, a beautiful Catholic. Bron in the end is converted by Koblenksky.

Then there is Owen Kippax, the epitome of the British undercover man, who does his best to serve England's interests by promising both Jew and Arab the same strip of land. And there is Esther Mosseri, the dangerously sophisticated Egyptian Jewess, whose loyalties are firstly to Egypt. Working for an independent Egypt, Esther discovers herself viewed with unalterable suspicion by her colleagues. She learns that despite all their liberal



The Marquess of Bath with Mrs. Thatcher's beloved "Humphrey" (right) at a Great Teddy Bear Rally held at Longleat, his stately home, in 1979. Published posthumously, Peter Bull's "A Hug of Teddy Bears" (The Herbert Press) was the third book on the subject by the owner of "Delicessen," which played "Aloysius," Sebastian Flyte's teddy bear, in "Brideshead Revisited." A.B.

Miraculous event

PROMISE THE EARTH by Clive Irving. New York, Ballantine Books. 432 pp. \$3.95.

THE SON OF ZELMAN by Oscar Pinkus. Cambridge, Schenkman Publishing Company. 238 pp. \$14.50.

EIGHTH MOON by Bette Bao Lord. New York, Avon Books. 222 pp. \$2.95.

THE ALBATROSS by Susan Hill. Harmondsworth, Penguin Books. 174 pp. £1.95.

Michelle Cameron

slogans, for them she is first and foremost a Jew.

The novel concludes just after Alenky's entrance into Jerusalem on Christmas Day, 1917, which terminated 400 years of Ottoman rule. Arabs, Jews and Christians are jockeying for position. The Jews have realized that their trust in the gentleness of the British has been, at best, misplaced. The guns which Koblenksky has smuggled in bags of cement to a northern settlement are a clear indication of the struggle to come.

IN SPARE and haunting terms, Pinkus manages to capture the sense of stupor of Europe's Jews during the two world wars. Shimon, the son of Zelman, begins his life peacefully enough in Poland. He travels throughout Poland peddling

cheap wares, crosses into Russia to escape the German onslaught and is imprisoned — ironically enough — as a fascist spy in a Siberian forced labour camp, there to wait out the war. At war's end, he journeys with thousands of other displaced persons to Palestine, where he will be killed by an Arab bullet, as he piles his milk wagon through the streets of Ashkelon.

Pinkus does not allow Shimon any strong display of emotion. Yet he is not a man without feeling — it is because he loves his happy-like wife and his children that he chooses to peddle his goods throughout the country. Paradoxically, the novel is imbued with Shimon's own sense of despair. It is encountered when his father refuses to give Shimon's cousin and future wife a home during the First World War because she is not a member of his immediate family. The despair returns when Shimon experiences his first pogrom, far from home and with no help. And the reader despairs when Shimon, with a new wife and home in Israel, and tentatively reaching out once more for happiness, is shot by an Arab sniper.

SHIMON, THE son of Zelman, can naturally be taken as a symbol of European Jewry. His despair-filled story was a reality for too many. One is infuriated by the passive acceptance of everything. Whatever the *goyim* decide, Zelman tells young Shimon, we will just have to sit it out. Jews must simply accept the distress visited on them.

Shimon, throughout his long and unfortunate existence, does just that. Pinkus' novel points out the possible danger in all this with chilling clarity.

BEI-LE BAO LORD's first novel, *Spring Moon*, had one fundamental weakness. While it was a beautiful account of pre-Communist China, its last part, set in the period of the Cultural Revolution, was unconvincing. In *Eight Moon*, a biography of her younger sister, Sansan, she more than makes up for the previous deficiency. It is based on a series of tape-recording sessions with Sansan, and provides a realistic picture of China after the advent of Mao, in the shape of a personal biography filled with chilling details of life then.

Sansan was a baby when her parents, accompanied by her two older sisters, left China for what was supposed to be a short business trip to the United States. While they were away, the Communists took over the country, and Sansan was left stranded. Her aunt and uncle took her in, and, for most of her young life, the girl believed that they were really her parents. While Sansan's childhood was relatively peaceful, with her entrance into junior high school life began to get much harder. It was then that food became scarce, and production campaigns forced the young students "to volunteer" for compulsory work projects. Whatever spare time was left over went to club meetings, where the youngsters learnt to parrot the ideology of their club-leaders.

ALL OF this could have been endured, had it not been for the basic inhumanity which took hold as life became increasingly difficult. People were encouraged to betray their relatives and friends, in order to attain instant status in the Communist party. With food rationing, Sansan's aunt and uncle insisted she leave home to live in the food dormitories — where she was subjected to much worse conditions and heavier duties. Sansan was not even allowed to pursue a college career; she and all her classmates were forced into high school teacher training, as there was a shortage of such teachers.

Sansan learnt about her real parents only in her late teens. Never having known them, she instantly yearned to be with them. And miraculously, her parents contrived to get her out of China. From Hong Kong, Sansan's parents brought her to America, and there the two sisters met.

Bette Bao Lord has managed to retain the simple unsensational manner in which Sansan, who had

lived under harsh conditions always and never expected anything else, related her story. And because the two sisters never try for effect, *Eight Moon* is all the more poignant.

FEAR STRIKES most forcefully at the lonely. In this collection of stories, Susan Hill champions the lonely and afraid, not by allaying their fears or lessening their isolation, but by describing their travails with a scalpel-like skill. Probing deep, Miss Hill has come up with five tales of very personal horror. What gives a child nightmares, or humiliates a crippled mind? If Miss Hill's stories teach us anything, it is that no one can predict what will touch the wellsprings of horror in another.

The title story "The Albatross," is a prime example. Duncan, retarded from birth, and with his mind further stultified by a harsh and witch-like mother, is made to feel his inadequacies again and again. His mother burdens him with seemingly impossible tasks. He is sent to purchase fish, but is told not to come home with cod. That's all the fisherman have; what's Duncan to do? He fears coming home empty-handed and doesn't have the mental resources to try elsewhere. His reception at home is as miserable as he feared. Miss Hill continues Duncan's humiliations until something snaps in his slow mind, and he lashes out.

POOR YOUNG William, subject to Nanny Fawcett's whims in "The Elephant Man," cannot lash out. His Nanny is fond of a repulsive creature: a man who dresses up as an elephant and entertains at children's parties. William must attend these parties of strangers, and is forced to witness the distressing — to him — antics of this man-beast. He vomits, and Nanny scolds him for eating too much at the party.

The boy in "Friends of Miss Reece" is in a similar predicament. His mother is fond of going off and leaving him with his aunt, the matron of an old age home. There are horrors enough there for a sensitive child, especially when his one friend, old Miss Reece, finally dies and abandons him.

Susan Hill seems to have a penchant for the defenceless. Retarded persons, children and the old — dependants all — people her stories. None of her powerful figures show any understanding for the weak. And indeed the fears of her characters are not easily understood. Yet they are no less real. Horrors based firmly in the mind, Susan Hill's subtle pen brings them vividly to life.

THE PRINCIPAL aim of the United Nations Organization, as enunciated by its Charter, is "to maintain international peace and security." In the context in which it is used here, "maintain" would seem to signify both keeping the peace when it prevails, and repairing it when it is broken. The Security Council, as the world organization's executive organ, has been entrusted with realizing this two-fold aim.

How has the world organization fared in this respect? Dr. Ovadia Soffer, at present Israel's Ambassador to France, provides an unequivocal judgement. As a peacekeeper — i.e. "preventing further hostilities through the interposition of international forces" — the United Nations has "a good record." Its record as a peace-maker, however (by which is meant "the peaceful settlement of international disputes"), has been "a poor one." He proves his point in the course of this book.

The U.N. As Peacemaker covers the period 1947-1977, and concludes just before the Sadat initiative. In one sense this is as it should be, since the UN played no part whatever in

Keeping the peace

THE U.N. AS PEACEMAKER by Ovadia Soffer. Irchester, Northants: Mark Saunders Books. 300 pp. £10.95.

THE SECURITY COUNCIL AND THE ARAB-ISRAELI CONFLICT by Istvan S. Pogany. Aldershot, Hants: Cower Publishing. 225 pp. No price stated.

Nissim Rejwan

the ensuing negotiations, and in the peace treaty which was finally signed by Israel and Egypt in the spring of 1979. Dr. Soffer's more general conclusions have to do with the nature of the role played by the world organization in peaceful settlement of disputes between states. "Although the superpowers," he writes, "have an overriding choice in the use and extent of use of the UN in conflict management and conflict resolution as intended by the Charter, the

evolution of the Arab-Israeli conflict since 1967 has shown that the disputants have preserved a dynamic of their own in triggering or thwarting United Nations action. This catalytic potential did not always conform to the wishes and policies of the superpowers."

Soffer does offer some hope. "Ideally," he concludes, "the effective use of the provisions of the Charter in the context of peaceful settlement of disputes should rely on the mutuality of the disputants' interest in solving their problems and the harmonization of conflicting superpower interests. In the case of the Middle East above all others, the inherent incompatible and irreconcilable interests of the chief protagonists represent a threat to international peace and security — in other words, war between the superpowers. It is this periodic threat that may yet determine the border between persuasion and imposition in

peacemaking through the United Nations."

IT IS curious that the United Nations has been confronted by one form or other of the Arab-Israeli conflict almost from the day of its inception. Istvan Pogany's study traces the role of the Security Council in the five wars — six, if you include the "War of Attrition" of 1969-1970 — that have been fought here since 1948.

The Middle East conflict deserves careful analysis by students of the United Nations. One reason for this is that the Security Council has been closely involved throughout, a circumstance which, in the author's opinion, provides a rich source of material about the work of the Security Council in resolving international disputes. A second reason he adduces is that the Arab-Israeli conflict is "peculiarly instructive concerning the degree to which the effectiveness of the Security Council may be impaired where the interests of the superpowers are involved."

Dr. Pogany is nothing if not thorough. He studiously confines his researches to the activities of the

Security Council, to the exclusion of any of other UN agency. The Jarring mission, for instance, which rightly gets detailed treatment in *The U.N. As Peacemaker*, is totally ignored by Pogany. Operation Peace for Galilee, however, is extensively covered in a long chapter which includes a section on the Kahan Report, and another in which Pogany speaks of "the aftermath" of the operation.

In summing up his findings, he suggests that, while the Security Council has failed to realize the hopes pinned on it when it was conceived, it has made a significant contribution to the maintenance of world peace. In the context of the Arab-Israeli conflict, the Council's "most conspicuous contribution" to a settlement was Resolution 242, adopted in November, 1967, and calling for "the establishment of a just and lasting peace in the Middle East." The author believes, however, that the text of that resolution "no longer serves as an adequate basis for a resolution of the Arab-Israeli conflict, particularly as it refers to the Palestinians merely as a 'refugee problem.'"

FOR THOSE who lament the recent decline of the Israeli judicial system (absurd and discriminatory sentences for different types of defendant), *Death of a Friend* (Hamlyn, £1.95), by Richard Harris, may come as something of a relief. It appears that the grass is no greener on the other side of the Atlantic.

Thomas Hasher, senior partner in a respectable law firm, hunts down the killers and maligners of his partner and friend, Lucius Slocum.

Apart from the unravelling of Hasher's private vendetta, justice always miscarries in this book.

The writing is well-paced, the characters are well-drawn. Altogether, a superior thriller.

Not so *The Third Day* (Constable Crime, £7.95) by Michael Delahaye, in which the discovery of the 1st

Criminal affairs

Benny Morris

century CE bones of a crucified man (about 33 years old) near the Old City sparks skulluggery (an appropriate term for happenings at Golgotha).

For someone who has reported from Israel for the BBC, Delahaye makes lots of technical errors. For instance, are concentration camp tattoos in Israel "as common as freckles," and isn't this a rather flippant simile?

In general, the Israeli descriptions

are off-key, and there's a scarcely credible account of the world-shaking effects, in Rome and Washington, of the discovery of these bones.

MORRIS WEST'S latest, *The World is Made of Glass* (Coronet, £2.50), is not a thriller, unless you find Karl Jung and his patients, however mad, thrilling. But there is a murder at the core of this novel, which reconstructs the life of Magda Liliann Kardoss von Gamsfeld, a beautiful, murderous, Hungarian, and her psychoanalytic encounters with the famous professor.

JAMES FOLLET'S *Domino* (Methuen, £8.95) has the Palestinians and Israel, as usual, messing up the world, reaching for the moon, and almost taking it.

The time is about 10 years hence, the PLO makes hit-and-run attacks, with uninterceptable MIG 35s, on Israeli targets, from Soviet Black Sea bases.

But there are some funny moments as psychologists track down a killer at a U.S. base in Germany. Naturally, there is a KGB angle, a Jewish angle, and a German angle. Moderately readable.

Fabricating art

Gil Goldfine

TWENTIETH CENTURY developments in art, spurred on by modernist political and social philosophies and theories, have created a permanent place for artists who neither wield a paint brush, model clay nor etch into copper in the traditional manner but who are conveyors of visual ideas and concepts. Either by choice or owing to an inability to maintain contact with the historical demands of creating images that reflect their surroundings or emotions via drawing, rendering, modelling, colour theory etc., many creative people have taken up the art of assembling and constructing. In this art method, choosing and gathering materials becomes the pre-sketched for fabricating them into final statements.

There is no attempt here to make value judgements on the validity or acceptability of any art form or style, merely to place in perspective recent works by Zigi Ben-Haim, an Israeli artist who has been living in the U.S. for the past 14 years. Because Ben-Haim's work has been exhibited infrequently in Israel over the past decade, it is difficult to make in-depth contact with his current production and even more difficult to place it within a long-term, critical, framework.

Viewing the exhibit cold, one comes to the conclusion that Ben-Haim, like those "conveyors of ideas" discussed in the opening paragraph, is a sculptural practitioner. Throughout his work, he uses the

physical properties of natural and industrially manufactured materials to "build" abstracted assemblage panels whose content, nevertheless, relates to a feeling for things and places. Essentially, the content is the physical, tactile, elements tied to the theme they project.

BEN-HAIM prefers abrasive raw materials like heavy wire mesh and concrete, dressing them up in colour camouflage to satisfy an aesthetic balance with tiny strands of newsprint and real twigs or root branches. This is an amalgamation of what Ben-Haim terms a juxtaposition between the chaotic and arbitrary, and the calculated, geometric, artificial and controlled. The results, despite the forthrightness and desolate impact, are large, high reliefs and standing forms, the latter a marching group of tripod creatures cross-bred from the human body, animal gestures and extruded metal parts. But both Ben-Haim's flat wall hangings and three-dimensional efforts seem to lack a true epicentre. Unlike his handmade paper and rope pictures of several years ago, which represented a personality digging for alternative means of creating responsive images, most of what Ben-Haim shows today is of a ponderous, *déjà vu*, nature.

Having adopted the States as his permanent home, Ben-Haim has also tried to adopt the American tradition of painting, from Bierstadt's ephemeral landscapes to Pollock's "actions," where the scope and proportion of the painted surface is a direct response to the openness and individualism fostered by that society, the pioneer grandeur of the



Zigi Ben-Haim: sculpture, "Wind Hunter" (Billy Rose Pavilion, Israel Museum, Jerusalem). (Right) Talpora Ronen: painting, (Artists Pavilion, Tel Aviv).

vast West and the sheer size of the modern megalopolis.

But size is never a substitute for quality, and Ben-Haim's two-and-a-half metre vertical panels suffer from overworked iconoclastic surfaces. The aura of space and movement is cloaked by the hammering home of several different textural and geometric areas forced into neo-cubistic compositions. The shapes are fixed in clearly bordered positions, while other elements like filigreed newsprint, pieces of root, gauze and twine attempt to "dance" around them.

YIGAL ZALMONA, in his catalogue introduction, tries to explain Ben-Haim's objects as artistic solutions to the tension created by the polarization of nature and culture and to show how the various symbols and metaphors (textures and

found material) are assimilated into each other to form a "new presence." What seems to be lacking in these "new presences" is a sensitivity for material *vis-à-vis* size and proportion, and a personality of their own.

One accepts the sculptures and reliefs as contemporary works, but cannot help placing their "souls" in the ateliers of other times. The derivativeness goes back to Picasso and Gris and up through Calder, Armitage Motherwell and Pousette-Dart. The only difference is that Ben-Haim uses the spindly and crustaceous surfaces to portray an imaginary nature-culture syndrome in the throes of calamity, while his influences were seeking the truth right in front of them. (Israel Museum, Billy Rose Pavilion, Jerusalem).

TEL AVIV GALLERIES

Talpora Ronen - paintings, (Artists House, 9 Alhazeh), till Nov. 12th.
Dennis Tal-Hahovsky - drawings and pastels commemorating Tel Aviv's 75th birthday, (French Cultural Institute, 111 Hayarkon).
Maxime Buhler - bronze sculptures (French Cultural Institute, 111 Hayarkon).
Uri Sietner - recent paintings (Sara Levi Gallery, 10 Pineles), till Nov. 15th.
Leon Botmer, Avi Yuhav, Shaul Horvitz - photos and prints (Yehoshua Gadem Art Pavilion, Park Hayarkon), till Nov. 6th.
Dorit Fehman - recent works (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glikson).
Arieh Berkowitz - small works (Proza Bookshop, Dizengoff Centre, till Nov. 18th).
Sabellis - paintings by Canadian painter (Ramat Gan Municipal Museum), till Nov. 10th.
Shlomo Katz - decorative paintings (Ugari Gallery, 25 Gordon).
Paul Kor - watercolours (Tel Aviv Gallery, 1 Gordon), till Nov. 11th.
Ruth Katz - installation (Ahad Haam, 50 Ahad Haam), till Nov. 7th.
Shula Rasser - paintings (Gallery of Photo Art, 19 Frishman), till Nov. 13th.
Given Group - show of gallery regulars (Neomi Givon Gallery, 4 Natan Hochacham).
Piero Cividalli - new works (Ramat Gan Municipal Museum), till Nov. 10th.
Dropler Morel - Urban Greenery, photos (Gallery for Photo Art, 19 Frishman), till Nov. 13th.
Jacques Grinberg - paintings from 1968-1984 (Dvir Gallery, 26 Gordon), till Nov. 20th.

EXHIBITS IN JERUSALEM

At the Jerusalem Artists House (12 Shmuel Hanagid St.)
Peter Clarke - recent works by this South African artist.
Aviaha Peleg - paintings.
Aviaha Hashimshoni - recent oil paintings and drawings.
Tirza Yalon - sculptures.
The above exhibits will close on Nov. 14th.
Memorial exhibit of works by **Tessa Rakash-Gar**, (Artists House, 12 Shmuel Hanagid), Nov. 7-14th.

OVER MY kitchen sink hangs a yellowed "Peanuts" cartoon strip which reads: "The world needs messy people. Otherwise the neat people would take over."

In the United States, where there is a penchant for forming an organization for everything, some clever entrepreneur has established "Messies Anonymous." It charges a membership fee and publishes periodic newsletters purporting to help habitual slobs overcome their shortcomings.

Actually, my kitchen is a paragon of order compared to my office files. As I rush out at the close of each workday, I stuff into a drawer all the press communiques and readers' letters I haven't found time to deal with.

The day of reckoning has come. The drawer won't close any more. So I've dug into the mess.

NEAR THE TOP of the pile I found a timely leaflet about a new-to-Israel method of double-glazing windows called "Thermo-window," distributed by a Jerusalem firm, Adim '84. Double-glazing is based on the principle of trapping a layer of air between two sheets of glass, to form an effective barrier against cold, heat and noise.

Often, this insulation is achieved by replacing the entire existing window with a new one made from two layers of glass, which involves the replacement or adaptation of the frames as well. Another common method is adding an external window and frame, parallel to the existing ones.

The Thermo-window system, which claims to cost only a third of the usual methods, provides double glazing by affixing an additional inside window to the existing window and frame. With hinged windows, this does not interfere with normal opening and closing. Sliding windows are more problematic, but a solution can usually be found by placing the Thermo window on the exterior on one section, and on the interior on the other. Windows that slide into a hollow in the wall are harder to adapt, and sometimes impossible.

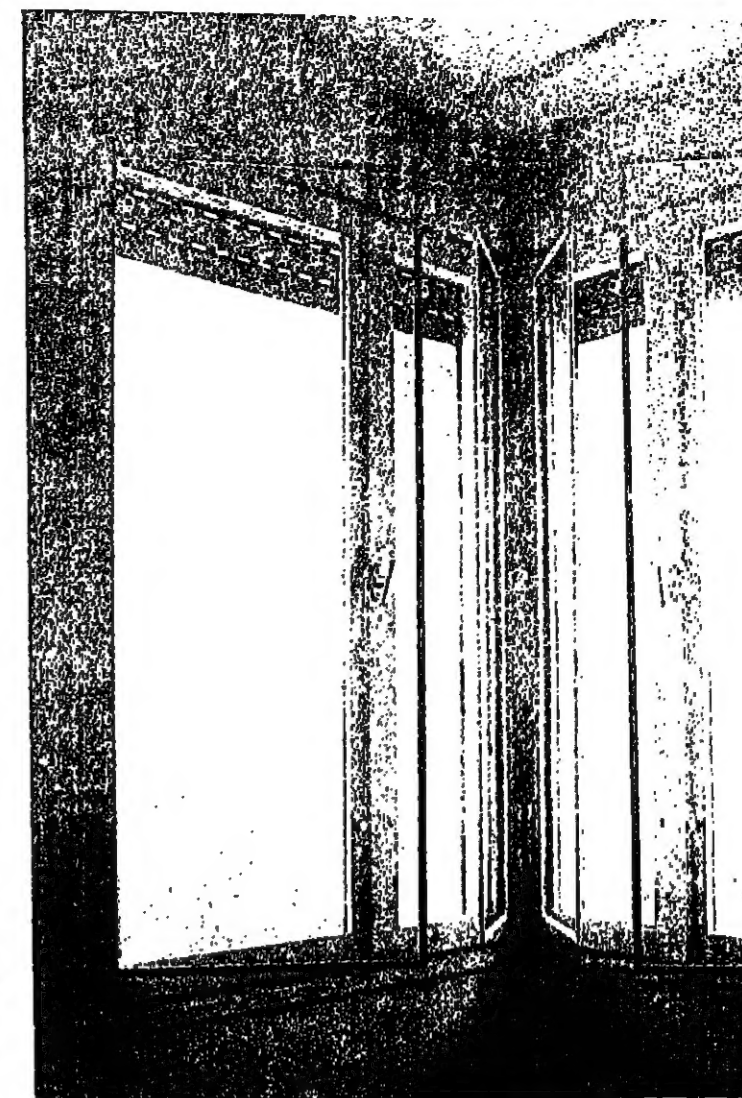
The special patented PVC profiles for the Thermo-window are imported from France, although the local company has a franchise to manufacture them here. They are custom-cut to the client's windows and fitted with local glass from the veteran Jerusalem glaziers, David Cremer and Sons, partners with Adim '84 in the project.

Directing the enterprise in Israel is a South American immigrant physicist, George Yaviv. He says this double-glazing method helps alleviate the familiar winter condition of condensation on windows, which necessitates their frequent cleaning. On the rare occasions when condensation forms between the two window layers, they can be separated easily for cleaning.

The cost of a Thermo-window affixed to a small hinged window (less than one square metre) is about equivalent to \$30, Yaviv told me. The method is even suited for arched windows, and can be employed with close corridors and showcases. Labels, field photographs and an illustrated booklet explain the exhibits.

A large part of the collection was a gift by Yekutiel X. Federman, who would like to increase understanding and respect for the spiritual values and artistic talents expressed in the material culture of the African peoples. (Music and Ethnology Museum, 26, Shabbetai Levy St. Haifa. Till April 30, 1985.)

Edith Varga-Biro



The "Thermo-window" double-glazing system with the additional inside window fixed to the existing window and frame.

Tying up loose ends

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

subject of heating and energy conservation are operating this year as usual in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, under the auspices of the Ministry of Energy. In Tel Aviv, the consulting service is available every Tuesday and Thursday, from 3 to 7 p.m., at the Israeli Building Centre, 40 Rehov Ha'Universita, Ramat Aviv (tel. 03-425221). In Jerusalem, the bureau functions the same hours but on Sunday only, at the Ministry of Housing, 15 Ben Hillel (02-245202). Simple information can be obtained by phone but personal visits are preferable for getting a thorough explanation from a qualified engineer.

During the first week in December, the Building Centre in Tel Aviv will hold its annual exhibition, "Energy and Electricity," on methods of heating for winter, and their relative costs. It will be open weekdays afternoons and Saturday evenings. When I asked the Centre whether December wasn't a bit late for the exhibition, the voice on the other end of the line replied, "That's the way we Israelis manage to arrange things."

Indeed, the typical local, or perhaps human, tendency is to ignore heating until the first severe cold wave is upon us - and then rush out and buy an appliance without

serious consideration of its suitability for the specific household. Perhaps the Building Centre reasons that the average consumer wouldn't trouble to visit an energy saving exhibition until the first gusts of winter are actually upon us. And after all, the worst of winter rarely strikes before January or February...and then, can spring be far behind?

Meanwhile, anyone who wants to visit the Centre's permanent exhibition, "The Israeli Home," on building materials and methods, can do so daily from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., except Fridays or Saturdays, and from 7 to 10 p.m. on Saturday evenings.

DISHWASHERS are among the items banned from import for six months, but there are plenty available in the shops, and some importers report they have ample stocks to ride out the ban. It is therefore still relevant to report that there is an "identity problem" regarding the counter-top "Princess" dishwasher imported from Sweden by Telsa International Ltd. of Ramat Gan.

A few weeks ago, Telsa won a temporary injunction from the Tel Aviv District Court ordering the firm Telemetal Ltd. of Holon to halt distribution and sale of a similar-looking dishwasher which it imports

from Greece. On November 11, according to a Telsa spokesman, there will be a hearing in the District Court to determine whether or not Telemetal (which also manufactures cooking stoves) may resume its distribution of the dishwasher and if so, what it must do to distinguish it from the Princess.

The importers of the Swedish dishwashers charge that some electric-appliance dealers have misled consumers into believing they are buying a genuine Princess, but the machine delivered to their homes has been the Greek copy. This should be presented here under the name "Telem" or "Compact."

Ilan Aharonov of Telsa told me that passing-off is particularly easy because the Princess dishwasher has a very distinctive shape, with rounded corners, which, he says, the Greek firm has copied. Consumers can identify a true Princess only by the name on the front and the "Made in Sweden" label on the back. He added that the Swedish manufacturers joined with Telsa in filing suit against Telemetal.

Today's price to the Israeli consumer for a genuine Princess dishwasher is about the equivalent of \$740. Aharonov said it was not always possible to recognize the Greek product by price differential alone, as some agents were selling it much cheaper than a real Princess, while others were charging nearly the same.

IN THE MIDST of all our serious economic worries, it is always refreshing to see a new local product which is original, well made and has an obvious export potential. I had a visit the other day from a young American member of Moshav Elazar in Gush Etzion. Gila Sack was representing Rik-Mah, a moshav enterprise for designing needlepoint canvases, mostly with Jewish and Israeli themes.

These are worked on imported canvas. Rik-Mah's newest line, however, is made entirely of local materials. It consists of do-it-yourself needlepoint kits for making three-dimensional soft toys, mobiles, and other colourful items for infants and children. They come with instructions in Hebrew and English, and are simple enough for an older child to do, but will probably appeal most to grandmothers who want to make a gift with their own hands.

For instance, you can make a baby block picturing Hebrew letters and familiar objects, and it will be both soft and washable. You can even put a jingling bell inside. The canvas itself is plastic; the yarns are acrylic. I was most taken with the do-it-yourself dollhouse, which resembles a country cottage. In a separate kit is a family of five dolls to fit the house. These original kits are not cheap. A handcraft, toy and gift shop, they will retail for the equivalent of about \$8-\$12. Both the kits and the needlepoint canvases are available at discount prices at Moshav Elazar itself, which is the Gush Etzion settlement closest to Jerusalem. The new kits are already available at a number of retail stores, particularly in the capital.

Gila Sack told me there are plans to add kits for making Judaica objects from the plastic canvas and needlepoint - such as a Hanukkah top or an *etrog* box. The firm aims to export these 3-D kits, particularly to the U.S. and Britain, where Rik-Mah's flat needlepoint canvases are already sold. Additional details can be obtained by phone from the factory. (02-931191).

The needlepoint canvas plant gives full-time employment to five moshav women, supplemented by

women on maternity leave from their regular jobs. The nine-year-old moshav is made up of 29 young families, most of them from the U.S., Canada or Britain. Its other industries are chicken farming, fruit orchards, a chemistry lab, a data processing plant, and a kosher restaurant with a catering service throughout the Jerusalem area.

I MAKE NO secret of the fact that I like to encourage enterprises by recent immigrants and, in the nature of things, English-speaking immigrants tend to come to my attention most readily.

Among the newest such businesses in Tel Aviv is one called "Kwik-Kopy." and it is a local franchise of an American-based chain of printing shops which deal with everything from bar mitzva invitations to business reports. Its main drawing card is supposed to be fast service with a smile in a pleasant, modern atmosphere - quite different from the old-style printing shops scattered around the mercantile districts. Yet prices are said to be competitive with those in many cities.

The new Kwik-Kopy is not the first of its kind in Israel. We already had Insty Print, with headquarters in Jerusalem, and Express Print, based in Tel Aviv.

The newcomer to the scene is headed by brothers Barry and Julian Green, formerly of London, who got the idea because a third brother has a Kwik-Kopy concession abroad. The two Tel Aviv locations are 50 Ahud Haim, in the Stock Exchange building (03-660941), and 1 David Hamelech, just off Ibn Gvirol (03-216872). There are some 900 Kwik-Kopy units around the world, and the mother office in Houston, Texas, is supposed to control standards of quality and service throughout the chain.

ALMOST DAILY, I get reports from friends, colleagues and readers about the weird and wondrous phenomena of Israeli prices for consumer goods.

A colleague cornered me with his adventures in shopping for a toilet seat. At a private shop on Tel Aviv's King George Street, he found that the highest-priced one was IS7,500. To satisfy himself before he bought it, he went a few blocks away to the Hamashbir department store, which is a Histadrut enterprise. There, he said, what appeared to be a virtually identical toilet seat was selling for over IS12,000.

A reader telephoned me on her return from the Super-Sol branch on Ben Yehuda Street in Tel Aviv. Why, she wanted to know, should a tin of imported Heinz baked beans cost only half the price of a comparable-sized tin made by the local manufacturer, Vita? Why indeed?

I checked the figures with the Super-Sol management and learned that, as of last Friday, a 420-gm. tin of Heinz beans was indeed selling for IS378, while a tin from Vita, about the same size, was IS762. Even a 380-gm. Vita tin of baked beans was priced at IS605.

By way of explanation, a Super-Sol official said that this was the tail-end of Heinz stocks, which would not be replenished because of the new restrictions on imports. I don't recall baked beans were even on the list of prohibited imports; indeed, I was surprised at the time that it included so few foodstuffs.

A more plausible explanation might be that local manufacturers have been more energetic than importers in raising their prices quickly to new all-time highs in anticipation of a price freeze.

Martha Meisels

Implements of religion



Seated Couple, Senufo tribe (Ivory Coast). Wood "Africa Image and Sound" Music & Ethnology Museum, Haifa.

THE VARIETY of rare musical instruments in the exhibition "Africa: Image and Sound" suggests the extent to which song, dance and music permeate tribal life. Among the many instruments that played a role in social, religious and magical ritual are huge hide-topped drums with carved sides; a horizontal arched hump topped by a sculpted head; fiddles made from half gourds and plucking instruments from a turtle-shell. An hourglass-shaped double-headed drum from Nigeria served to transmit messages.

The majority of the 200 objects exhibited are connected with native beliefs. Perhaps the most fascinating are the fetish figurines from the Congo, carved from wood, with various substances and sharp objects attached to them by the medicine man. These statuettes are not among the prettiest of African art, but exude a threatening "spirit" and are modelled in powerful abstraction. Several witch-doctor's implements are also on exhibit.

A few fine old pieces of West African sculpture on show were intended to be used for fertility rites, ancestor worship, initiation ceremonies and magic purposes. Despite the bold simplification, they are full of vitality: a Senufo (Ivory Coast) couple, probably ancestor figures, are seated on low stools, their heads tilted forward and their elongated eyes half-closed. The static, symmetrical structure expresses dignity and strength. A tautly arched male Senufo figure stands on a heavy base which served for pounding the earth at agricultural fertility rites.

Quite different in its exquisite sensibility of carving is a small "Akua-ba" doll (Ashanti, Ghana), which was meant to ensure a beautiful baby

for a pregnant woman who carried it next to her body.

THE EXHIBITED masks lose much of their visual impact because of the crowded space assigned to the show. Nonetheless, some pieces emerge: a painted Bateke (Congo) mask styled in ultimate geometrical abstraction; a helmet mask of the Bakuba tribe (Zaire), inlaid with beads and cowries, its massive features of powerful cubic elements.

Rarely seen is an entire disguise of a Senufo secret society priest, a sackcloth hand-dyed in geometrical patterns. He wore it during exorcism ceremonies at night, while he leaped around the village to the accompaniment of droning horns, concealed by an elongated, open-jawed animal-mask with large fangs. Through this the priest emitted sparks of fire with the aid of a burning tinder.

One of the most splendid pieces is a headdress representing an antelope divinity called Chi Wara. It shows the sweeping curve of head and neck in openwork carving. Such pieces are worn by Bambara (Mali) boys who dance in pairs with marriageable, lavishly costumed young girls to promote growth in the fields.

A dissonant note is sounded by large, garish applique wall-hangings from Dahomey with their murderous themes: tribesmen (shown red-skinned) cut off the head, tear apart and hang the white man (depicted in yellow). These designs express the hatred fostered by the colonial system which diminished much of the religious and spiritual fervour that once inspired the masterpieces of African art. It led the black artists to produce commercialized replicas and adaptations to Western taste.

A group of large sculptures (Bam-

bara or Dogon, Mali) represent female nudes holding lidded vessels. Their artistic merits are less than mediocre, but, by sheer volume, they have a conspicuous place in the exhibition.

Among the small Baule (Ivory Coast) bronze figures groups of half-sized retainers surround a queen, attesting to bygone matriarchal supremacy.

RICHLY embroidered or colourfully woven costumes and fabrics are among the most attractive exhibits. Also shown are indigenous crafts: baskets, calabashes, beaded pieces, carved wooden neckrests and heavy metal bracelets, anklets and neckbands.

Unusual are the reliefs of carved wooden door-panels belonging to priestly granaries (Dogon, Mali), with rows of male and female ancestors: the top line is tallest, representing the earliest forefathers who obtained the largest share of the Creator's vital force.

Curator Nina Benzoor has succeeded in displaying the varied objects harmoniously despite the limited space; although some important pieces had to be tucked away in close corridors and showcases. Labels, field photographs and an illustrated booklet explain the exhibits.

A large part of the collection was a gift by Yekutiel X. Federman, who would like to increase understanding and respect for the spiritual values and artistic talents expressed in the material culture of the African peoples. (Music and Ethnology Museum, 26, Shabbetai Levy St. Haifa. Till April 30, 1985.)

Edith Varga-Biro